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AUTHOR:

ANACREON

TITLE:

SELECT ODES OF
ANACREON

PLACE:

LONDON

DATE:

1802

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Anacreon.

Eng. Younge

Select odes of Anacreon with critical annotations
to which are added translations and imitations of
other ancient authors, by ...Hercules Younge, and
published by the Rev. Robert Drought ... London,
Vernor, 1802.

xvi, 167 p. plate, 16 $\frac{1}{2}$ cm.

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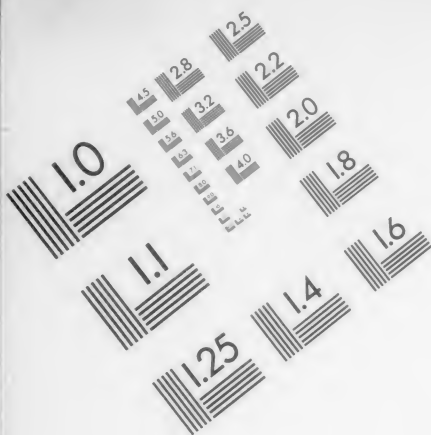
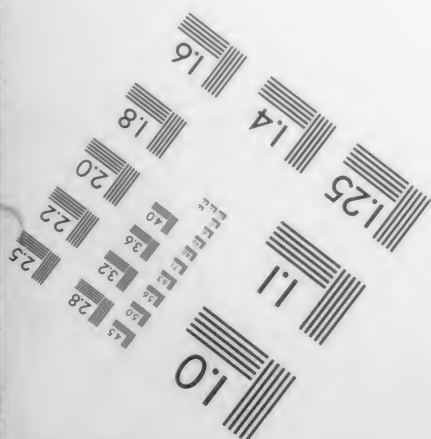
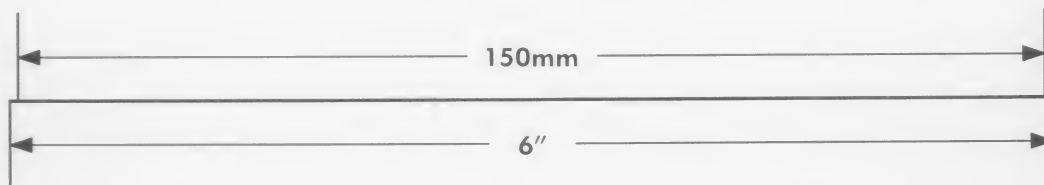
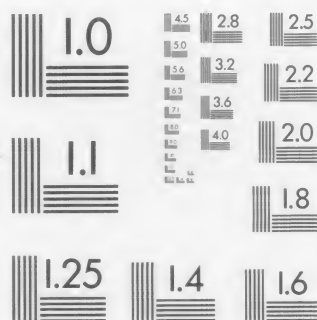
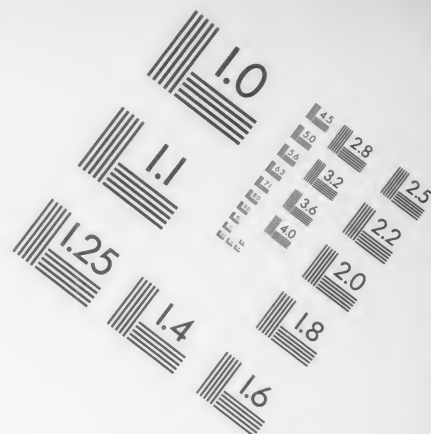
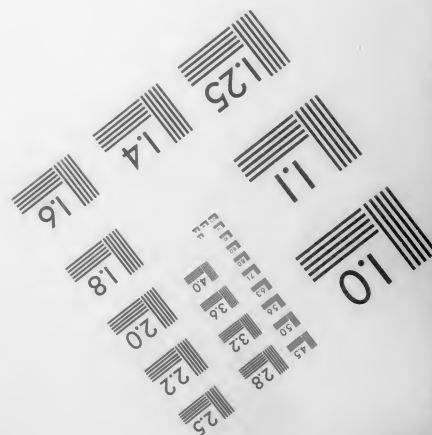
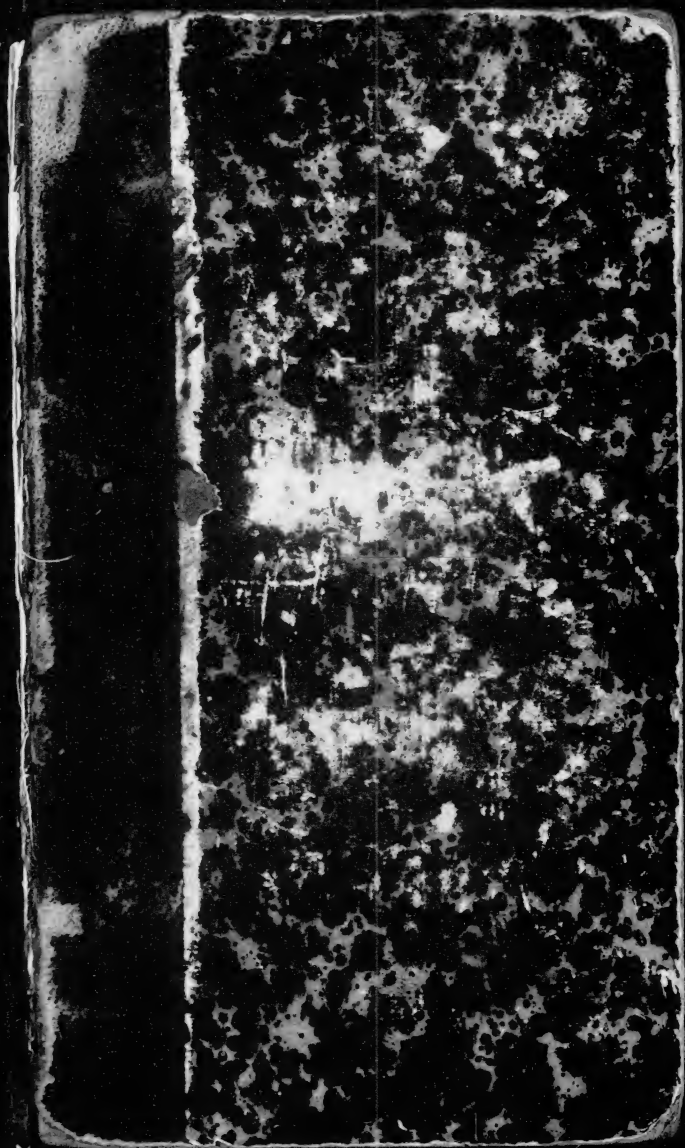


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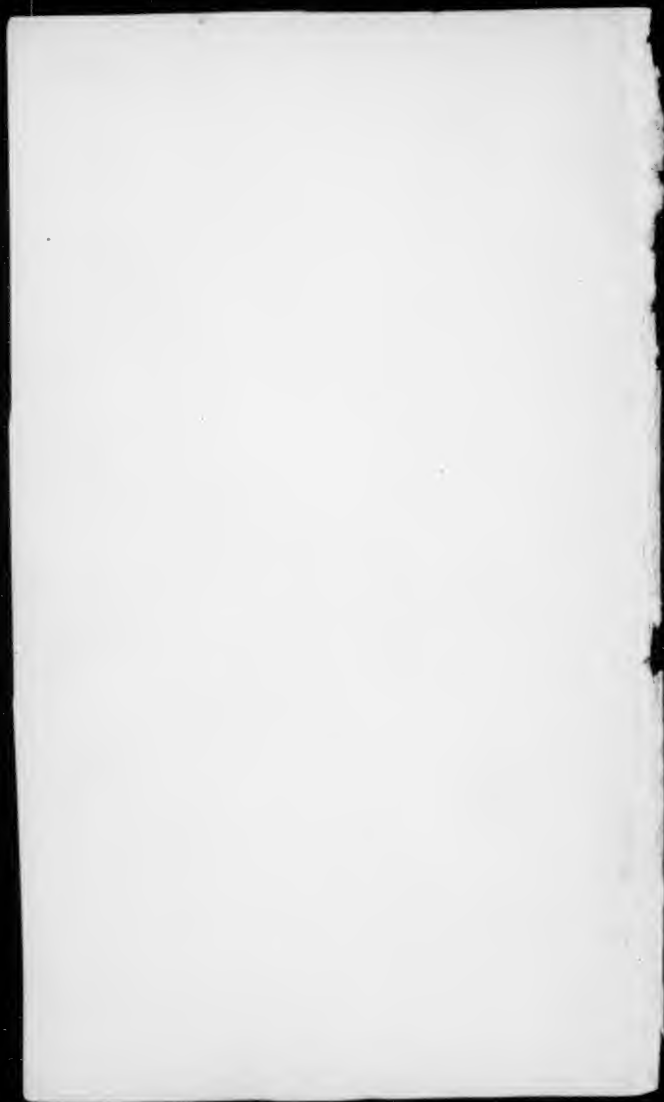
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SELECT ODES
OF
ANACREON,

WITH

CRITICAL ANNOTATIONS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

TRANSLATIONS AND IMITATIONS

OF OTHER

ANCIENT AUTHORS.

By THE LATE REV. HERCULES YOUNGE.

And published by the Rev. ROBERT DROUGHT.

Παλαιά Ἀνακρεοντικὰ συντομικῶς.—ANTHOL.

LONDON.

Printed and Sold for VERNOR AND HOOD, POULTRY,

By James Swan, Angel Street, Newgate Street.

1802.

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29 FEB '84

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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF MOIRA.

MY LORD,

HAVING long contemplated the character of Earl Moira with silent, though core veneration, it is impossible for me to resist profiting by the opportunity which the publication of these posthumous papers, of a near and dear relation, affords, of testifying it to the world, by inscribing them to a nobleman, who has taste to appreciate, and knowledge to distinguish, their merits: It is a highly gratifying circumstance to me, that, though I am not prepared,

a 2

JUN 10 1907

or, I fear, competent, to make this manifestation by my own talents, yet I shall not go out of my family to assure your lordship, that I am

Your very obedient,
humble servant,

ROBERT DROUGHT

*Claines, Worcester,
8th of May, 1802.*

P R E F A C E.

It is easier to imagine than to describe the pleasure I felt on receiving my friend Mr. Pratt's opinion, confirming my own, and that of various others, whom I had consulted, upon the *Anacreontics*, translated by my learned and ingenious relative; more especially, as they could not have received any bias in their judgement from the partiality that might naturally be supposed to influence mine. And, yet, had no such endearing affinity subsisted between me and the author, I am persuaded I should have thought and felt, as I expressed myself, on the high merits of the translations: and I am particularly proud, that my friends in general sanction my idea of there being greater delicacy, and, if I may use the terms of one of the most ingenious and learned of those friends, in the warmest glow of passion, shaded by a cooler modesty in such of the odes as re-

quired it." Though it must have been by a very skilful hand that these chastening touches were given, without injury to the rich and joyous imagery which characterises the Grecian bard.

"A chaste yet animated selection of the captivating Odes of the Teïan bard," observes Mr. Pratt, in a letter now before me, "giving, in a fashionable pocket volume, the BEAUTIES of Anacreon, in a liberal, yet guarded, translation, so as to preserve the delightful sport, the jovial sentiments, and playful spirit of the original, without bringing forward any thing that o'ersteps the bounds of modesty, appears to be a *desideratum* in English poetry.

"The majority of the notes will be gratifying chiefly to those who are intimate with the Greek; yet, besides that the commentary is too valuable to be lost, it seems expedient to admit this estimable addition, without swelling the size, or increasing the price of the book, by printing the original text to each ode. These illustrations not only throw an agreeable and general light upon the sub-

ject and the author, that may assist the English reader, but present the learned with opportunities of reference, augmenting at the same time the reputation of the erudite translator."

I will now own, that my sense of the excellence of these selections, aided, no doubt, by my sincere respect for the translator, has long inspired a latent wish to extend the pleasure I received, by making them public.—I can, therefore, scarcely help repeating the degree of gratification I experience from the zeal with which the friend, above-mentioned, offers to assist me in arranging the manuscripts,—an offer, of which I have availed myself with the utmost alacrity: and I have endeavoured, at his request, to collect such little memorabilia of the translator, as my own memory, or that of my friends, can furnish.

AN
ACCOUNT
OF
THE TRANSLATOR.

THE account of the ingenious and learned author of the following translation, the late Reverend HERCULUS YOUNGE, is very scanty of materials. His grandmother was daughter of the illustrious, but unfortunate Montmorenci, High Constable of France ; who, after the revocation of the famous edict of Nantes, was imprisoned as a Hugonot. The violent and indignant exertions of this eminent Frenchman, to prevent his enemies from loading him with chains, occasioned the rupture of a blood-vessel, which quickly terminated his sufferings and his life.

The daughter of Montmorenci married Le Jeune, a Hugonot gentleman of high distinction, who, dreading lest his son Lewis (the father of our Au-

thor) should imbibe the popish religion, sent him privately to Holland. From thence he was invited to Ireland by his maternal uncle, the pious Dr Drelincourt, who was appointed to the deanery of Armagh by William the Third, and is well known to the literary world by his celebrated treatise on Death.

On the arrival of Lewis in Ireland, he translated his name, Le Jeune, to its English equivalent "*Younge*," and was entered a fellow commoner of Trinity College, Dublin, where he was educated at his uncle's expense. His grandmother, who remained in France, had appointed him heir to her splendid fortunes: but, before she could procure an agent of approved integrity, she was seized by a violent disorder, which obliged her to intrust the whole of her immense property to the care of a popish priest, who, after solemnly promising to convey it to her grandson Lewis, fraudulently converted the rich prize to his own use, asserting, that it was contrary to the dictates of his tender conscience to give so much money to a heretic.

This was not the only loss, great as it might be, which our author's father had to lament; for, about the same time, he was deprived of the assistance and friendship of his uncle, whom he had disobliged by an early marriage with a lady of great

beauty and accomplishments, but not of equal rank, —an offence rarely forgiven by ambitious or avaricious parents.

Thus circumstanced, he was thrown on his literary talents for support. But, possessing a brilliant natural genius, highly improved by academical education, his pen readily procured him a handsome subsistence, so long as the Earl of Chesterfield presided as chief governor of Ireland. During that splendid æra, Mr. Younge published a poem, entitled, "*The Levee*." The easy, flowing numbers, pointed satire, delicate irony, and polished wit of this little piece, strongly recommended him to his lordship's notice. The earl presented him to the only church-preferment vacant during his administration, and obtained for him, from his successor, a promise of the first bishoprick that should fall in his gift. These gracious intentions were frustrated by Mr. Younge's unexpected death: and it is to be regretted, that an interesting literary correspondence between Lord Chesterfield and Mr. Younge has been lost.

Mr. Younge's eldest son (our author) was educated at the university of Dublin, where he was eminently distinguished for his literary talents, and the strict propriety of his conduct. When ordained, the Bishop of Waterford, at the desire of Lord

Chesterfield, who still extended to him his patronage, gave him a valuable living in his diocese. Mr. Younge usually resided at *Carrick on Suir*, where his time was divided between study, and the conscientious discharge of his parochial duties. Dr. Newton, late bishop of Bristol, acknowledges himself indebted to our author for several ingenious hints, in his well-known Dissertations on the Prophecies.

Mr. Younge remained in retirement, greatly respected by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was usually called the Christian Socrates, on account of his uncommon patience in cheerfully submitting to a wife whose temper procured her the appellation of a second Xanthippe. Though our author survived his thirteen children, and languished for many years under a painful disease; yet he bore his misfortunes with that pious resignation, which, by precept and example, he had always enforced on the minds of his parishioners. He died the 14th of January, 1798, aged 77; admired for his talents, and revered for his virtues.

LIFE OF ANACREON.

ANACREON, a Greek poet, was born at Teos, a sea-port of Ionia. Madame Dacier endeavours to prove from Plato, that he was a kinsman of Solon, and consequently allied to the Codridæ, the noblest family in Athens; but this is not sufficiently supported. The time when he flourished is uncertain; Eusebius placing it in the 62d, Suidas in the 52d, and Mr. Le Fèvre in the 72d, Olympiad. He is said to have been about eighteen years of age, when Harpagus, the general of Cyrus, came with an army against the confederate cities of the Ionians and Æolians. The Milesians immediately submitted themselves; but the Phocæans, when they found themselves unable to withstand the enemy, chose rather to abandon their country than their liberty; and, getting a fleet together, transported themselves and their families to the coast of France, where, being hospitably received by Nannus, king of the country, they built Marseilles. The Teians soon followed their example; for, Harpagus having made himself master of their walls, they unanimously went on board their ships, and, sailing to Thrace, fixed themselves in the city

Abdera. They had not been there long, when the Thracians, jealous of their new neighbours, endeavoured to give them disturbance; and in these conflicts it seems to have been, that Anacreon lost those friends whom he celebrates in his epigrams. This poet had certainly a most delicate wit, but was too fond of pleasures; for love and wine had the disposal of all his hours. Ovid himself, though so great a libertine, censures Anacreon for devoting his Muse entirely to Bacchus and Venus:

*Quid, nisi cum multo Venerem confundere vino,
Præcepit lyrici Teïa musa senis?*

Anacreon left Abdera, and went to the court of Polycrates, at Samos, where he was received with great marks of friendship: and it was here he became enamoured with the handsome Bathyllus, whom Horace mentions in the following passage:

*Non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo
Anacreonta Teïum,
Qui persæpe cavâ testudine flevit amorem.*

He is said also to have loved the fair Cleobulus whom he had like to have killed, when a child, in the arms of his nurse, by rudely running against her, as he reeled one day through the streets in liquor; and, not content with this, he abused the child with scurrilous language. But the nurs-

wished he might one day commend him as much as he had then abused him: and her wishes were fulfilled; for, Cleobulus growing to be a beautiful youth, Anacreon fell in love with him, and wrote several verses in his praise. Ælian has endeavoured to clear Anacreon from the suspicion of entertaining any dishonourable passion for these youths; but the general charge against him, in this respect, is strong. How long Anacreon continued at Samos, is uncertain; but it is probable he remained there during the greatest part of the reign of Polycrates; for Herodotus assures us that Anacreon was with that prince in his chamber, when he received a message from Orætes, governor of Sardis, by whose treachery Polycrates was soon after betrayed, and inhumanly crucified. It seems to have been a little before this, that Anacreon left Samos, and removed to Athens; having been invited thither by Hipparchus, the eldest son of Pisistratus, one of the most virtuous and learned princes of his time; who, as Plato assures us, sent an obliging letter, with a vessel of fifty oars, to convey him over the Ægean sea. After Hipparchus was slain by the conspiracy of Harmodius and Aristogiton, Anacreon returned to Teos, where he remained till the revolt of Histæus, when he was obliged once more to remove to Abdera, where he

died. The manner of his death is said to have been very extraordinary; for they tell us he was choked with a grape-stone, which he swallowed, as he was regaling on some new wine. A small part only of Anacreon's works remains. Besides odes and epigrams, he composed elegies, hymns, and iambics: the poems which are extant, consist chiefly of Bacchanalian songs and love-sonnets. They have been frequently printed; but the principal editions are, that of Madame Dacier, with a French version, at Paris, 1682, in 12mo; and that of Joshua Barnes, of Cambridge, 1705, in 12mo. The Odes of Anacreon, says Rapin, are flowers, beauties, and perpetual graces; it is familiar to him to write what is natural, and to the life; having an air so delicate, so easy, and so graceful, that, among all the ancients, there is nothing comparable to him. He flows soft and easy, every-where diffusing the joy and indolence of his mind through his verse, and tuning his harp to the smooth and pleasant temper of his soul. To the same purpose the little god of love, as taught to speak by Mr. Cowley:

All thy verse is softer far
Than the downy feathers are
Of my wings, or of my arrows,
Of my mother's doves and sparrows;
Graceful, cleanly, smooth, and round,
All with Venus' girdle bound.

ANACREON.

ODE I*.

ON HIS LYRE.

I LONG to sing of glorious spoils,
Of Cadmus' acts, Atrides' toils,
And higher flights to prove;
Yet see, the stubborn lyre denies †,

* This seems to make a good preface to the following Odes; for I cannot discover, as Mr. *Barnes* has done, any kind of sublimity in them.

† *Βαρεῖρος*.] We find this noun in every gender; sometimes *ὁ*, sometimes *ἡ*, and sometimes *το* *βαρεῖρον*.—The latest critic on these Odes, whom I have seen, is a Monsieur *Pauw*, the most insolent, abusive, and dogmatical writer upon earth. He treats *Barnes* as if he was a remarkable blockhead.

Rejects my wish'd attempts to rise,
 And all its notes are love.
 For this I chang'd my ev'ry string*,
 Resolv'd Herculean might to sing,
 But impotently strove :

It is true that *Barnes* was not thought to have much taste for poetry, since he tells us that the wits of his university applied to him the proverb *ὄρος πρὸς λυραν*, when busied about his version ; but he retorted, by saying, no, I am not *ὄρος*, but you want *ὁ λυρὰς πρὸς λυραν*, which seems like a pun, though I believe it was undesigned. However, both as to taste and knowledge of the Greek language, he was certainly not inferior to *M. Pauw*.

* *ἤμψα*] I changed my strings and the whole lyre. i. e. as *Barnes* justly observes, I changed *Collabos, verticulos, pectinem*, &c. but *Pauw* says the poet took a different lyre. *Pro lyra, quam antea habebam, aliam lyram sumsi—qui nervos mutat alios sumit pro aliis; sic similiter, qui lyram mutat aliam sumit pro alia.*—For what purpose should *Anacreon* change the strings of an instrument, if he did not intend to use it? Why in the forty-eighth Ode does he call for Homer's lyre, but *φεινὸς ἀνελ*

The lyre, rebellious, gave a tone,
 For tender themes attun'd alone;
 And all its notes were love.

χορδὰς, without the bloody string, if strings were not changed for different tones? Beside, it seems evident from the whole ode, that the *prosopopæia* cannot be transferred, from the lyre which our bard constantly made use of, to another ; for, says he, I attempted epic poetry, but my lyre refused ; and though I changed the strings and the whole lyre, yet still it opposed my design. Now, if he took a second, we must surely believe that it was *ἅμα φοναίαι χορδαί*, with bloody strings : and is it poetical justice to imagine, that a lyre would refuse tones for which it was contrived, and to which it was ever accustomed? As to the phrases, *my whole lyre is changed, the whole country is changed, the man is quite changed, or become a new man*, and such like, in the sense of much altered, they are frequent in every language.

It seems to have been the practice formerly to use strings of different sizes for different subjects : and I suppose that strong and thick ones, in the forty-eighth Ode, above quoted, are meant by the *bloody strings* ; for, of several tuned unisons, the thickest, of necessity, is the loudest.

Adieu then, flatt'ring hope, adieu!
 I quit the great but dang'rous view,
 As far my lyre above;
 It strongly warns, it cries, "resign
 "The swelling sound, the touch divine,"
 And plays alone to love.

ODE II.

ON WOMEN.

NATURE arm'd the bull with horn;
 Bid strong hoofs the steed adorn;
 Swiftneſs lent the tim'rous hare;
 Lions might, and teeth ſevere;
 Fiſhes made to ſkim the wave;
 Birds the paſſive air to cleave;
 Laſt, to man, ſuperior ſenſe *
 Gave, for weapons and defence.

* *Prudentiam viris dat. Steph. Animofitas et bellica virtus. Barnes. Præter prudentiam, conſtantia et robur; balbutiunt interpretes, nam ſola prudentia, ſola virtus bellica non ſufficit. Pauw. I cannot think that robur was ever included in φρονιμα; and the verſion of Barnes does not ſeem to agree with his annotation; for, ſays he, utut leones, per ſe, etiam ſupra homines ſint magnanimi, non raro tamen hi etiam illos aggredi audent, arte nempe bellica et venatica*

Thus her store of bounty drain'd*,
What for woman yet remain'd?

instructi. Si quis hic prudentiam velit designari, omnino illi φροντισιν legendum,—non φρονιμα. Certainly prudence is necessary, if we design to attack a lion. Indeed the meaning of *Anacreon* is so clear, that the dispute does not seem to be very material; for, since both φρονιμα and φρονισις are derived απο τη φρονις, reason must be intended, in whatever manner applied. I have seen it observed, but cannot recollect by what author, that φρονισις denotes a speculative, and φρονιμα a practical, prudence.

* Γυναίξιν, κ. τ. λ.] Literally, *Nothing remained for women.* *Pauw* attempts here to be very severe; this thought, says he, is *frigida et inepta.* *An omnia quæ excellunt igitur jam enumerata? absit, absit; ubi, exempli gratia, est astutia vulpibus tributa? &c.—Addum aliud: ipse bonus sibi contradicit; nam ubi dixerat, naturam nihil habuisse amplius quod largiretur feminis, eodem fere spiritu pulchritudinem promittit—hoc est, eodem ore calidum et frigidum efflare simul.* With this Mr. *Barnes* agrees; for those, he thinks, who render φρονιμα prudence, nimis injurii sunt muliebri sexui. Hence it appears, that, according to the sentiments of our critics, the word *nothing* must always strictly denote non-entity, or, according to

Beauty, captivating charms,
Pow'rful o'er the force of arms—

the vulgar phraseology, *Nothing* at all; whereas *all things, all men, nothing, no man,* and such-like expressions, are generally used for *most, or few,* in every language. In my apprehension, the poet says only, that Nature had but a few things remaining, out of which she could make a choice. *Pauw* goes on—*sed quid? an pulchritudo non communis quoque illis (viris), et ut mulieres sunt pulchræ, ita mares etiam sunt pulchri? de eo non dubitandum.*—Very true sometimes: yet methinks that he should not forget horses, since a fine horse is doubtless a beautiful creature. Is it not sufficient, in such an ode as this, to describe any person or thing by a characteristic? but if a characteristic means only a property or quality which some being, or species of beings, has in exclusion of all others, I suppose that a proper characteristic is not to be found in the whole creation; fishes, bats, insects, &c. fly; birds, beasts, &c. swim, and this kind of connexion is plainly observable through all the world. Our inimitable *Milton* gives the following description of *Adam* and *Eve*:

For contemplation he, and valour, form'd;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.

Beauty, whose imperial sway
Fire, and steel, and all obey!

Though some men are handsome, and some women contemplative or resolute, I believe that no reader ever thought these epithets injurious to either sex, or found any sort of impropriety in them. The ladies are very properly, in our language, κατ' ἐξοχήν, styled *the Fair*. However, *Pauw* strikes Opposition dumb, by adding, *qui non sentit hæc inepta esse, et male commentata, nihil revera sentit*, which is his general proof on all occasions. It is to be hoped that we may understand *nihil* here in the limited sense which I have given to it, though strengthened by the additional word *revera*; otherwise, a reader is told, that if he doth not perceive the justice of our critic's remarks, he is, strictly speaking, a mere block, and totally void of all perception.

ODE III.

ON CUPID.

'Twas now midnight, the rain severe;
By slow Boötes roll'd the Bear;
And human kind, with toil oppress'd,
Indulg'd the hour of balmy rest,
When treach'rous Love contriv'd a lure,
And struck, importunate, my door.
Who knocks? said I; your hasty blows
Disturb'd my dreams and soft repose*.
"A harmless child," reply'd the pow'r:
"(Then fear no guile, though late the hour)

* Σχίσσις] Mr. Barnes has changed the original here, and, instead of σχίσσις, reads σχίσας, but without any necessity; for sometimes the future is used instead of past time by poetical licence. See examples in *Pauw*.

"Who, tir'd and wet, has lost the road,
 "And hopes relief in your abode."

The story mov'd: I rose in haste,
 Prepar'd my lamp, and saw my guest.
 Wing'd was the boy, and arms he wore,
 Behind him shafts, a bow before.
 Close to the fire I made him stand,
 There warm'd in mine each little hand,
 Press'd floods of water from his hair*,
 And try'd assiduous ev'ry care.

When, thus employ'd, my friendly part
 Had eas'd the cold, and cheer'd his heart,
 "I fear," said he, "the show'ry sky
 "Has spoil'd my bow-string: let me try."

* *ἕγρον ὕδωρ*] *the wet water*. It was not unusual to increase an idea by the addition of tautologous epithets. Thus *Pindar*, χρυσος αἰθόμενον πυρ:—*liquida nat tibi linter aqua*. *Tibull.*—and in the eastern style, we read of a *flaming flame*, and of a *burning, fiery furnace*.

Quick then his deadly bow he drew,
 Discharg'd, and pierc'd me through and
 through*.

Away now flits the wily boy,
 And, titt'ring, cries, "Pray, wish me joy:
 "The bow, unhurt, can show'rs endure:
 "Perhaps your heart is less secure†."

* *ἥπαρ*] *pierced my liver*. Some authors considered the liver, and others the heart, as the seat of love: our poet here makes those bowels sympathetic; for, when his liver is wounded, his heart is supposed immediately to be affected.

† That *Cupid* was fond of mischief, a *κακομαχαίος*, is the complaint of every poet. If he pretends to be in distress, it is for some unlucky design.

Κ' ἢ ποτ' ἰδῆς κλαίοντα, φυλάσσιο, μὴ σε πλάνησῃ. *Mosc.*

And though he weeps, beware! he means deceit.

ODE IV.

ON HIMSELF.

WHERE flourish young myrtles the lotos among,
 I wish for a bowl, and to stretch me along.
 Bid Love with papyrus his tunic confine*,
 Attend my commands, and administer wine.

* Πάπυρος] Every one has heard of this reed, and that it served the old Egyptians for many different uses. The chest, in which *Moses* was discovered floating on the Nile, is called by the LXX a chest of papyrus. *Pauw* thinks, and not irrationally, that this ode was the work of some Egyptian poet; it is not probable that a Grecian would have thought of a plant which never was used in Greece. I must request the reader to pardon my intruding here a passage from *Horace*, which has no further connexion with the line before us, than as both of them point at dress.

*Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcat,
 Contractusque leget.*

The commentator *in usum Delphini* understands the poet as if he intended to spend a winter with

The Fates have decreed us a poor little span;
 And quick passes over the date of a man.
 Then why should libations be scatter'd and lost?
 Why unguents and liquor bestow'd on a ghost?
 Me, rather let me, of your bounty have part:
 Give wreaths for my head, and a fair to my heart.

little recourse to books. But was it probable, was it possible for a single man, a man of learning, and fond of *exemplaria Græca*, to make such a resolution? how could he pass the long, tedious nights away? During summer he might amuse himself, at times, in his farm with little wholesome and agreeable occupations; he might give his neighbours an opportunity of smiling at him, *videntes saxa moventem*; but when alone, from home, and in winter, that he should resolve to be idle, is hardly credible. To lead such a life, would be to punish, not *parcere sibi*; which means, I suppose, that he would avoid all troublesome business. For these reasons I do not understand *contractus* adverbially, but in its natural import, and would make it agree with *vates*. "In "winter," says the poet, "I will go down to the "sea-side; and there, warmly huddled up in my

With pleasure my soul, little Cupid, shall glow,
 'Till call'd, horrid call! to the shadows below.

"cloak, *in me teres atque rotundus*, I will indulge my-
 "self with reading some excellent Grecian authors."
 This, in my opinion, is the true meaning of *Horace*;
 and it strikes me as a very natural picture.

ODE V.

ON THE ROSE.

STEEP the rose in gen'rous wine!

Cupid loves the scent divine.

Crown'd with roses sit, and smiling *

Quaff, invidious time beguiling.

(A) *Κροταφοειν*] crown'd with roses. Chaplets were made of roses, lilies, myrtle, violets, and other plants, according to the different fancies of the guests. It was imagined that, partly by the flowers, and partly by the constriction made by the chaplet, drunkenness might be prevented, or the disagreeable consequence much allayed. I do not conceive, that, used in this manner, the bare effluvia could have any effect, though some of them were of a medicinal nature. *Hippocrates* indeed prescribes rose-leaves (but first made into a cataplasm with vinegar) as a good topical application for a headache. That may be rational; yet the strong scent of flowers in general hurts the nerves. I knew a lady, whose practice was, to crowd the room she com-

Happy flow'r! supremely bright!
Nature's care, and Spring's delight!

Roses charm the world above;
Roses form the wreath of Love;
O'er his temples these he places,
Sporting with the gentle Graces*.

Crown me now at Bacchus' fane†!
There I'll touch an am'rous strain,

monly used with pots of flowers hung up on every side: but she found the ill effects of so doing, and, by the advice of her physician, was obliged to throw all away. Gems too, not better than gravel in reality, were thought to cure as many disorders as any of the quack-medicines recommended by His Majesty's patents.

* *Χαριτῶσι*] with the Graces—companions very properly chosen for the God of Love, since every qualification which can adorn a woman is ascribed to those divinities.

† *Σηκοίς*] *shrine*, properly a pen for sheep, but applied to a temple, because the chief deity stood in the middle of it, defended by rails on every side. *Fab.*

Dress'd in roses play, and there
Lightly gambol with a fair*.

* *Βαθυκολπῶς*] *deep-breasted*—a most disagreeable image! As explained by *Hesychius*, it is suitable only to masculine women; but *Eustathius* exculpates *Homer*, from whom this epithet is borrowed, if the great bard applies it to the Trojan women only, and never to the Grecian fair. *Νεοθῆλος*, the direct opposite to *Βαθυκολπῶς*, should be said of a young girl, as in the forty-second Ode. I will now transcribe the opinions of two learned critics on the latter word, and leave them to the reader, without making any remark. *Innuī, hoc epitheto, se non ita facile amasse frustilla illa mulierum, quæ pumilæ cum sint, pupæ potius, quam plenum et justum Veneris αὐρεμα haberi debent. Faber.—Optime hæc vox de feminis usurpatur, quarum in sinus oculi et manus amatorum solent descendere. Barnes.*

ODE VI.

A COMUS, OR BANQUET.

EMBELLISH'D with roses, how pleasant to quaff!
 With cheerful companions how happy we laugh!
 Behold where a beauty, the bliss to enhance,
 With ivy-twin'd thyrses commences a dance*!
 And hark, the fair boy! on a pectus he plays,
 Enliv'ning the tone with his delicate lays.

* Βαρβιτον] The Latins say *ad barbitum*, but the Grecians *sub barbito saltare*. Fab. The same critic thinks that *Anacreon* is here describing a real dance, in which *Bucchus*, *Cupid*, and *Venus*, were personated by two boys and a girl, who went, with songs and merriment, to the temple of *Comus*. But probably it is nothing more than a fanciful composition.

Ibid.] Mr. Barnes, in his text, has Ερμιοτας. Ego, says he, hanc vocem primus restituo, miratus neminem ante me id fecisse, cum Ερμιοτας fuerit vox omnibus suspecta. He adds, si liceret per versum, legerem

To finish our revel, the comfort of years*,
 See Love, with his mother and Bacchus, appears†.

κατασκιοισι. I prefer the edition of *Stephanus* in both cases; for, when ivy-branches are twined about a thyrsus, and the leaves agitated in dancing, I think that it may very properly be called a thyrsus with rustling leaves. *Pauw* says, in his usual manner, *ineptissima (conjectura) est illa Barnesii;—nam, mihi credas, nihil alienius ab ingenio poetæ, vel modice cruditi. Sed criticus ille ineptiebat, nec ullum habuit judicii usum.* Though I do not approve of the change which Mr. Barnes would make, if the metre allowed it, yet I cannot think it so very absurd as to merit this insolent treatment.

* Επαινον γεγωνας] *Pauw* thinks this Ode could not have been written by *Anacreon*; which possibly may be true, but doubtless not for the reason which our great critic assigns.—*Ineptum epithetum, says he: nam commissatio non solet esse vulgo pergrata senibus.—Qui hæc scripsit, Anacreontem imitatus fuit; et ad indolem ejus attendens, de cunctis senibus dixit γηινως, quod de eo, et paucis similibus, dicendum fuisset νεικως.* i. e. Because this ode expresses the true spirit or indoles of *Anacreon*, *Anacreon* could

not be the author. An excellent reason! I cannot say from experience, whether old men are, or are not, in general, fond of a banquet; but this is clear, old *Nestor* dissents from *M. Pauru*; for, says the former to *Agamemnon*, δαυν δαυτα γιγασιν, *for you have plenty of wine and all things fit for a feast.*

† Ερω; χρυσοχαιτης] *golden hair.* This epithet, as well as ξανθοκομος, *auricomus, flavicomus*, and such like, mean what we term *flaxen hair.* Ξανθος and *flavus* are commonly said of corn. I have seen a masterly picture of *Venus* with fiery hair, though locks, truly red, were as disagreeable to ancient, as they are to modern taste. *Theocritus*, describing two homely swains, says

ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν

Πυρρός, ὁ δ' ἡμίγυνος

Half-bearded one, the other fiery-hair'd.

and in *Martial*, *Crine ruber* is the sign of a rogue. Flaxen hair is very properly given to *Cupid*, as a child; for most adults, whom we see with brown, in their childhood had flaxen hair.

ODE VII.

ON CUPID.

CUPID, who limp'd, his end to gain.

Supported on a purple cane *,

* Τακιδινη με ξαβδω] *Pauru* seems here to be more than commonly unfortunate in his observations. *Haud dubie*, says he, *intelligendus est floris hyacinthi scapus: nam quod de coloris hyacinthini scepro narrant interpretes, ineptum videtur mihi.* Cur, quæso, *sceptrum Cupidinis eo colore infectum? cur naturalis ligni color mutatus? Nugæ, Nugæ.*—*Quicquid de nativo colore mutato, et inducto colore hyacinthino, viri eruditi perhibent, non sit unius assis.* Nos recte *et vere.*—Why should the wand of *Cupid* be made a beautiful colour? for the same reason, I suppose, that we stain and varnish our modern walking-sticks.—The critic proceeds—*hunc scapum sumpsit, ut sibi usui esset, eoque ad sequendum adegit miserum.*—How or whence it may be collected, that our bard was to follow, and *Cupid* to lead the way, I cannot tell; nor do I conceive that the small stalk of a small flower could be a fit instrument for compulsion.

Who slowly mov'd with tott'ring pace *,
 Defy'd me once to run a race.
 While o'er the rocks and tumbling floods,
 Deep hideous vales, and thorny woods,
 With eager haste I ran, I flew,
 Some lurking serpent pierc'd me through †.

* Χαλιπως βαδίζων] *walking with difficulty*. Mr. Barnes has βαδίζοντ' instead of βαδίζων. I must confess that he is too guilty of deceiving a reader by substituting words of his own choice in place of the original text. Βαδίζοντ', which he takes from *Heinsius*, makes the poet struggle against Cupid; whereas he seems to undertake the race instantly, and without any compulsion. If I guess rightly at the scope of this ode, the reading of *Heinsius* entirely spoils the whole. A critic may put what conjectures he pleases into his notes; but the original should not be corrupted.

† Τροχαοντα πεινι ὄδρος] *a serpent wounded me*. I wish that I could find some authority for reading τροχαοντ' ὁ πεινι: for then Cupid would be the serpent, and his desire to run, a scheme to wound the poet, while busied and off his guard. This would, at least, be characteristical, and agreeable to several

High bounce'd my flutt'ring heart: I swoon'd *,
 And half expir'd; so great the wound.

odes. But I will always object against such liberties as are taken by some critics; and have translated the passage as it is found in the edition of *Stephanus*; to explain which, we may suppose that the malicious deity seduced the bard into places so infested by serpents, that he knew it was almost impossible for him to escape.

* Κραδη δε ῥινος αχχης Ανβαιν] *my heart leaped up to my nose*. This phrase is, at least, as old as *Homer*; and among us, *my heart leaped up to my mouth*, which we say often, is a literal version of that eminent poet.

— εν δμοι αυτη

Στηθισι παλλεται ητος ανα στομα—

As I do not remember this thought to have been taken notice of by any commentator, perhaps an attempt to explain the cause of it may not be unacceptable to the reader. When a person is suddenly affected by a wound or terror, the blood runs to the heart in a copious stream: this is manifested by a consequent paleness of the cheeks; but the muscle not being able to contain it, a wave is repelled, by the systole, in the vein, by anatomists called the *Vena cava descendens*, which rising above

Then nodded Love his treach'rous head*,
Exulting, clapp'd his wings, and said:

the heart at its junction with it, the pulsation felt, is supposed to be in the heart, though, in reality made against the vein.

* Μετωπα σιων, ἀπαλοῖς πτεροῖσιν] *moving, or shaking (his or my) head with soft wings.* The learned *Hen. Steph.* and *Mr. Barnes* translate this passage as if Cupid meant to restore the bard by gently fanning him with his wings. *Faber*, on the contrary, supposes the deity to be angry; and makes him ask the poet, "Do you know why you suffer thus? It is because you are disobedient to me." But wherein lies the disobedience, I see not; for, when desired to run, he obeys without any reluctance.

A nod, or motion of the head, expresses very different ends; sometimes it marks anger, sometimes it is a note of assent; and at other times it is made with a jocular pleasure. Thus, in *Bion*, a boy who thought Cupid was a bird, and attempted to catch him with traps, complained to an old shepherd that he could not secure his prey; the shepherd

Μηδ' αὖ κινήσει κεφαλήν, κ. τ. λ.

shook his head,
And smiling, thus reply'd

"No longer vaunt of strong desire :

"You cannot bear the am'rous fire."

In this sense I understand the poet, conceiving that Cupid nods his head, and flutters or claps his wings with exultation, like one of our cocks before he crows. But as at least a line of the original, which should here follow, is lost, the critics have a fair opportunity of exerting their various fancies. *Pauw* is clear that the whole ode is allegorical, and denotes *amantem in difficili amore harentem, ut vel unus versiculus postremus aperte declarat*. How the words, *for you cannot love*, prove this singular whim, I submit to the reader. Indeed his explanation of the allegory is so dull and dark, in my apprehension, as to stand in much need of an explanation. The version of *Hen. Steph. ergo amare disce*, is so unlike the Greek, that, between it and the preceding line, I cannot even feign any connexion. For my part, I apprehend that the whole is a scheme of Cupid, and would supply the deficient line somewhat to the following purpose. "Hah, friend !
 "you boast to be in love with thousands of beauties (Ode XXXII.)—you threaten to burn me,
 "if I do not supply you with amorous flame
 "(Ode X.)—but since you are unable to bear the
 "small tooth of a serpent, you are plainly a mere

ODE VIII.

ON HIS DREAM.

ASLEEP on tap'stry, stretch'd at ease *,
(For gen'rous wine all pain allays)

"boaster, and cannot endure the pangs of love."
(Compare Ode XL. with this.)

* *Ἀλιπορφυροῖς*] It is extremely difficult to know, with precision, one colour from another; such a confusion occurs among ancient writers. *Hyacinth*, mentioned in the former Ode, is said by *Jerom* to be ocean-green; by *Ambrose* sky-colour, like the sapphire; by *Virgil*, red; and by *Ovid*, the colour of silver. *Ἀλιπορφυροῖς*, named also *ἀλεργίς*, I suppose to be the *θαλασσίτης* of *Epiphanius*; but as neither this word nor *ἀλεργίς* has any relation to purple, I suspect that *πορφυροῖς* is an epithet only, not a colour: for so it is used, when not compounded, by almost every Greek and Latin poet; in this sense, *ἀλιπορφυροῖς* should be rendered, a beautiful shining green. Indeed it would require the wealth of a monarch to purchase tapestry or bed-cloaths of a Tyrian colour; the necessary material was so extremely dear.

Methought I join'd some lovely fair,
And ran and toy'd as light as air;
While youths, like Bacchus *, gib'd to see
The sprightly virgins play with me.
But, when I meant to gain a kiss,
Retiring sleep deny'd the bliss;
And lonesome now, and dark the scene.—
I wish'd and strove to dream again.

* *Ἀπαλωτοῖς Λυαῖσι*] *Bacchus* and *Apollo* were represented as the most beautiful persons among the gods.

ODE IX.

ON A DOVE.

STOP, my beauteous dove, and pray
 Tell me whence your airy way?
 Why do all your little plumes
 Send a gale of rich perfumes?
 Who's your lord, and where you dwell*,
 Lovely stranger, stay and tell.

The description of her happiness which the bird gives, has a more pleasing effect than would a studied and flourishing encomium by the poet. In this respect, I prefer the *Dove* of *Anacreon* to the *Sparrow* of *Catullus*, and to *Martial's Issa*. *Faber* says, that not any mortal, but the Muses and Graces conspired to form this elegant composition. He may, with my leave, employ as many goddesses as he thinks fit, provided always, that a goddess of *painting* is not made one of the company.

* Τί; ἐστὶ σοί; μίλι; δι;] This line is written as differently as there are different critics. I shall not

DOVE.

Me the Teian bid with care
 Search and find his idol-fair*,
 Her, whose beauty's early pride
 Conquers all the sex beside.
 Venus, for an ode he gave her†,
 Much delighted with the favour,
 Bid me, since you long to know it,
 Serve obsequiously the poet.

enter into a dispute, which (without the discovery of some correct manuscript) may be never concluded; but have used the edition of *Barnes*, supposing however, that, in his extensive reading of Greek authors, he met such a phrase as τί; ἐστὶ σοί, with δι;πρωτης understood; for I confess that, in the course of my reading, I never saw any thing like it,

* Βαθυλλοι.] In all places, where this name occurs, I have substituted Ερωμενη instead of it, for obvious reasons.

† Λαβετε μικρον ὑμνον.] a small hymn. *Anacreon*, observe the critics, was a writer of *Odes*, and not of *Hymns*; but the difference, in my opinion, is not so

Now his fair one I pursue,
Charg'd to give this billet-doux.

Once he told me—"Dove," said he,
"Soon I mean to set you free."—

But, so easy now my case,
Should I quit the happy place?
Should I range the hill and wood,

Seeking mean and scanty food?

Now securely I may stand,
Crumbs receiving from his hand;

Or, if thirsty, go and sup

Wine delicious from his cup.

Cheer'd with this, I play and bound*,

Nimbly dancing on the ground;

great as to prevent a poet from using them, for the sake of variety, as synonymous terms.

* Πισσα δ' αὖ χορεύω] *Græca laborant leviter*, says *Pauw*; for the word should be written *χορεύω*. Against this I have not any objection; and *Steph.*

Then caress the bard, and spread
Both my pinions o'er his head;

translates it *salto*. Mr. *Pope*, speaking of poets and critics, observes, that

———less dang'rous is th' offence
To tire our patience than misguide our sense.

I will avoid the greater offence, to the best of my judgement, by acknowledging, that a bird drunk and dancing is the most ridiculous and preposterous thought which appears among all the Grecian poets. The writer was infamously attached to liquor, who supposes that even a bird could not be happy without it. Let a painter attempt such an image; and if he puts the bird out of its natural, easy posture, it will appear to a spectator as just shot, or otherwise dying in strong convulsions. I cannot pass unnoticed the judgement of self-praising, abusive, and insolent M. *Pauw*. Having first told us that *Barnes nares habebat obesas*, he proceeds—*venuste indicat, columbam...saltare velle, et saltare etiam posse, cum vinum...avide exhauserat; illud ad saltandum excitabat molliculam; absque eo, vix saltare poterat, aut saltare cupiebat. Nihil suavius*. What a poetical painter is *Pauw*!

Last, to quiet sleep retire,
 Perching on the very lyre.
 Thus I told—a prattling jay—
 All my case—now go my way*.

* *Ἀπιδέ.*] Such is the judgement of *Παυρ*, that he speaks with as much diffidence when right, as with insolence when plainly wrong; *nescio an satis conveniens sit illud ἀπιδέ*. This *nescio* may be true; *fullor, aut poeta scripsit ἀπιδέ*; *nescio quid alii dicturi sint*; this *nescio* is false; for he well knew that *H. Steph.* had rendered the word, *valet*. Every one sees that *ἀπιδέ* undoubtedly must be wrong; for the enquirer, for aught appears to the contrary, was standing idle, whereas the dove was hastening on her message, and therefore should say, *I must be gone*; otherwise the Ode does not conclude, *qualis ab incæpto processerat*; *nec sibi constat*.

ODE X.

ON A WAXEN IMAGE OF CUPID.

A YOUTH, as once it so befell,
 Propos'd a waxen Love to sell.
 I quickly went, and said, "My boy,
 "What price will buy that curious toy*?"
 The youth reply'd, in Doric phrase†,
 "Why, master, take it as you please;

* *ἐκπρωμαί σοι*] The Grecians say *πρωμαί τι*, as well as *πρωμαί παρὰ τινος*. *Fab.*

† *Δωριαζών*] speaking in the Doric dialect. This dialect, which is nearly allied to the Æolic, was constantly used by *Theocritus*, and thought to be particularly well suited to pastoral poetry; not that it was *merum rus*, but on account of its natural, unaffected simplicity; for we find it sometimes used by the most elegant poets. *Virgil* could not imitate his master in this particular; for the Latin has not a variety of dialects, like the Greek.

"For, sure, to act the friendly part,
 "I practise not the carving art,
 "Nor care, in troth, to spend an hour
 "With such an all-requiring pow'r."—
 "Here then, here take this drachm to thee,
 "And give the charming friend to me."

Now, Love, since you are fairly mine,
 Be warn'd, and know my fix'd design.
 Or feed my breast with fond desire*,
 Or you shall melt, and feed the fire.

* Περὶ ποτὶ] *Pauw* thinks that *Anacreon* was not the author of this little tale, but indeed for a preposterous reason: in his opinion, the poet was not such a fool as to believe that a bit of wax could inspire his breast with love. "*Fallor, aut recentior aliquis hæc pepigit.*—*Quid scilicet inatiguncula Cupidinis cerea? eane facere potest quæ dicuntur hic? eine adscribuntur recte, quæ in Cupidinem vivum et immortalem conveniunt unice? Nugæ, nugæ. Si ars magica accessisset, speciem habuisset commentum. Nunc de fingendi arte sermo*

"*est.*" From what part of the Ode did he collect this last assertion? If the folly of heathens induced them to think that honouring statues reflected honour on their supposed divinities, why should they not believe that insulting the same statues might induce the divinities, through fear of being deserted, to grant a request? Such a dread, it seems operated on the *heathenish* queen of heaven.

—*quisquam nunc Junonis adoret?* &c. Virgil.

Pan is threatened in *Theocritus* with being *scratched*, and *made to lie among nettles*. *Hanway* says, the Calmuck Tartars in the same manner treat their idols; and if *Pauw* had sailed with the Portuguese, who call themselves Christians, he might have understood the meaning of a *relative* punishment, as well as of a *relative* worship. I do not recollect any Greek or Latin poet, who speaks of love, without using the metaphor *flame* or *fire*. It tips all the darts of Cupid; *πυρὶ παρὰ ἑσπέρῃ*, says *Moschus*. Generally the name of a person is added to fire, as *meus ignis Anyntas*. Virg. But *Horace* writes *ignis* singly, as if a fire and beauty were synonymous terms.

—*si non pulchrior ignis*

Accendit obsessam Ilion.

We follow *Horace* exactly, by saying, your *flame*, his *flame*, &c.

ODE XI.

ON HIMSELF.

THE women maliciously gibe me, and cry,
 "Anacreon, thou'rt old: 'tis a jest to deny.
 "Go look in the glass; see how quick you decay:
 "Your hair and your forehead are wither'd
 away!"—
 Ye beauties, what mischief old Time may have
 wrought,
 How prey'd on my head,—never cost me a
 thought.
 But this I can tell—and am sure 'tis a truth—
 When age has succeeded the vigour of youth,
 The more we should revel, the more we should
 toy,
 Since death near approaches to banish our joy.

ODE XII.

ON THE SWALLOW.

NOISY, chatt'ring Swallow, say,
 Shall I tear your wings away?
 Shall I clip that little tongue,
 Whose incessant, early song
 Breaks my rest and happy dream,
 Just when beauty is the theme?

In regard to this Ode, and several others of like
 nature, we may safely rest on the opinion of an
 eminent critic, and say that

———olim lusit Anacreon. HOR.

ODE XV.

ON GENEROUS LIVING.

UNCONQUER'D by riches, my soul nor admires
Fam'd Gyges, nor aught of his treasure desires*.
Untouch'd by ambition, to envy unknown,
I look with contempt on the blaze of a throne.

To dress, to perfume, to be careless and free,
And joys such as those, have a relish for me.
Each moment I seize, and the present possess;
For who can pretend at the future to guess?

While time then allows, and the weather is
clear,

With glasses and dice ever cheerful appear,

* Οὐ μοι μάται—κ. τ. λ.] *I care not for Gyges, king of Sardis—nor do I envy kings.* This tautology is observed by every critic; but if we read with Bentley τα Γυγες, and with the V. M. ζῆλος instead of χεῖρος, tautologies are removed. The substance of Pauw's long note is in *Barnes*.

Lest pallid disorder, your spirits now sinking,
Should come, and cry, "Pray, sir, have done
with your drinking*."

* Νεσος.] *Sickness.* Quid νεσος, says Pauw, idne accommodum est?—de morbo, in his non loquuntur homines lascivi, sed de morte, quia vitam tollit. That death takes away life, will hardly be disputed: but our critic seems to have forgotten chronic complaints, when he adds, *post morbum ad voluptates redire poterant.* The man who has lost the use of every joint by the painful gout, or is excruciated by the gravel, to omit other disorders, occasioned often by a long habit of ebriety, can seldom return to much pleasure again.

ODE XVI.

ON HIMSELF.

WHILE you Thebæan wars relate,
And he proud Troy's severer fate,
Let me attempt the tuneful art,
And sing the conquest o'er my heart *.

No fleets equipp'd in strong array,
Nor foot, nor horse, have gain'd the day;
But foes uncommon won the prize,
Who cast their darts from beauteous eyes †.

* Ἀλωσις] *Allusion ad Τροίαν ἀλωσιν*. Exstat Tryphiodori poema, cui nomen Ἰλὺς Ἀλωσις; et Petronius, "sed video totum te in illa hæere tabula quæ Trojæ Halosin ostendit." Burnes.—This adoption of Greek into Latin, Horace approves, as follows,

—*nova factaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant*—

† Ἀπ' ὀφθαλμῶν] I believe that there are not any two figurative expressions so common as those which

give darts to the eyes, and fire to love. Thus Musæus,

— ἀπ' ὀφθαλμοῖο βολαὴν
ἔλκος ὀλοθαινοί, καὶ ἐπὶ φρενῶν ἀνδρὸς ὄνειρος.

The reason why darts are thrown by the eyes, according to *Xenophon*, is, because πορὶ ὤθει τιτρωσκυσι; a much better reason than we have from *Propertius*, who says,

Ante ferit quoniam tuti quam cernimus hostem.
This implies that a lover is wounded before he can see the object. The same poet has almost literally translated the beginning of this ode;

Cum tibi Cadmeæ dicuntur, Pontice, Thebæ, &c.

ODE XVII.

ON A SILVER BOWL.

COME, Vulcan, take that silver ore,
 But forge destructive arms no more;
 They much affright my soul*.
 No, all your wond'rous art employ,
 To mould that lovely scene of joy,
 A deep, capacious bowl.

* Τι γὰρ μάχαιραι καὶ μοῖραι;] *What have I to do with battles?* This kind of phraseology is common in the Old and New Testament, where it never has any other sense than, what communication is there between particular persons? Yet our universal historians translate τι μοῖραι καὶ σοι, γυναι; *what is that to you and to me?* and the Rheims Bible, still more absurdly gives us, *what to me and to thee?* which even *Maldonatus* allows to be an insupportable version. "It is," says he, "a pious interpretation: but the idiom of the language cannot bear it; for I find,

Nor Pleiads grave, nor heav'nly signs,
 Nor stars, nor wains, nor quaint designs;
 But stretch the vine above:

"by the constant usage of Scripture, that the phrase signifies, *nilil huic cum alio esse commune.*" The Jesuit, (no doubt against his will) is most clearly right; I say against his will; for he proceeds to make false and weak apologies for the text, though obliged to confess that it expressed a rebuke of the Virgin, according to all the primitive fathers of the church. Our historians however tell us, that the words contain a Hebrew idiom, and refer us to a parallel in Sam. xix. 22. and 1 Kings, xvii. 18. It is really astonishing to think, that, if a reader will be at the trouble of looking at those passages, he will, at first sight, perceive, that our critics, by their translation, make palpable nonsense of them both. We have the phrase in question repeated here three several times—*What have I to do with battles? What have I to do with the Pleiades? what with the constellation of Boötes?* Will these bear the old exploded version, which our critical historians have revived? It makes sense indeed of the text for which they propose it; but it does so by mere accident only; it does so, because it hap-

Then show, in gold, my beauteous fair*;
 Let sportive Bacchus too be there,
 With ever-conqu'ring Love.

pens to be a reply. How would it sound in any other parts of the Gospel? For example; when a demoniac starts from the tombs, sure we cannot say that he accosts our Lord with, "what is *that* to you or to me?" before one word is spoken to which the relative has any relation. How often is even learning absurdly misapplied!

* Βαβυλλας.] See the note on Ode IX. The bard, by representing his fair one in gold, places her on a level with the other divinities. An old poet has so disposed his metals as to give the figures almost their proper colours, except that Jupiter, as chief, is formed of gold.

Αεγυριος μεν ἐν Νειλῷ ῥοος, κ. τ. λ.

In brass the heifer shone; in silver roll'd
 A little Nile; but Jove appear'd in gold.

ODE XIX.

ON THE NECESSITY OF DRINKING.

THIS fertile earth imbibes the rain*;
 The trees her moisture drink again†;

* Ἡ γη μέλαινα] *the black earth*; this epithet not sounding well in English, I render it *fertile*; and indeed *black*, applied to earth, and *fertile*, are almost synonymous terms. *Herodotus*, *Plutarch*, *Virgil*, and many others, have observed that black soils give a copious harvest. *Egypt*, *Melambolus*, and (as *Plutarch* seems to think) *Chemia*, are names of similar import, denoting the dark colour of that country, which feeds Constantinople at present, as it did ancient Rome.

† Πινὺ δὲ διδῶσ' αὐτήν.] *the trees drink her*, (the earth.) *Inepia locutio*, exclaims *Pauw*: *arbores non bibunt terram, sed humorem in terra oclusum, quo ita ditantur solo, ut etiam extra terram vivere et luxuriari possent, si humor ille larga copia suppeteret. Res est quam omnes hodie sciunt; quare neque bonus*

The swelling ocean drinks the gales;
From him the thirsty sun exhales*;

poëta, neque bonus fuit philosophus, qui hæc scripsit. That a few succulent plants will grow in water, is known to every person: but that large forest trees can thrive luxuriously in the same manner, is a new discovery, made by M. Pauw. Waving, however, this question, I cannot agree with our critic, that *to drink the earth*, is *ineptu locutio*; nor will I, on his sole authority, discard a figure which has been constantly made use of by all writers, ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Who does not say, *I drank* a cup or a glass, lest some mighty critic should tell him that he is a blockhead, and did not, in reality, swallow the cup or glass? When the poet observes that trees drink the earth, does he not plainly consider the earth as a cup, in which water undoubtedly is contained? Such little cheerful pieces as these Odes should not be treated with severity. Many of them, perhaps, were extempore compositions. Every one can be a snarler; but few are judicious critics. Rejecting all figures, is it certain that great trees are nourished, by the pure element of water, without some addition of earth? I suppose it is not; for wood, chemically analysed, gives a residuum, or *caput*

The moon, as thirsty, copious streams†
Insatiate drinks of solar beams.

mortuum, which is nothing but earth effete; and spring-water, evaporated, leaves a proportion of earth; it is therefore highly probable, that some particles of it, so minute as not to be discovered in the purest water, are taken up, with the water, into the pores of a tree.

* *Ἥλιος θαλάσσαν.*] *the sun drinks the sea.* Lucan makes it a question, whether spring-tides, as we call them, are raised up by the moon or by the sun; if by the sun, that he does it to drink the waves.

— *an sidere nota secundo*
Tethyos unda vagæ lunaribus æstuet horis;
Flammiger an Titan, ut alentes hauriat undas,
Erigat oceanum. —

† *Τὸν Ἥλιον Σελήνην.*] *the moon drinks the sun.* Hoc etiam, says the great critic, *ineptum est*; an Luna libit Solem, quia lucem ab eo mutuatur? et lux pro potu haberi potest? *Nugæ, nugæ.* *Καταπνισθαι* pro absorberi suntum apud Græcos, notant hic interpretes, ut duritiem mitigent, credo: sed quid illud, ubi de potu sermo est, et ad potum collimant singula? Ut breviter dicam, quod res est; ineptiit poëta, hæc ita pangens; et indignus est cui patrocinetur quisquam.

In drinking, then, since all agree,
What friend can justly censure me?

The surface of our planet undoubtedly absorbs a large portion of rays; that the moon does not, but reflects all, like a looking-glass, will hardly be proved to our satisfaction by the astronomical M. *Pauw*. And may not *absorbing* be called *drinking*, without any great violence to poetical licence?

There is such a large number of odes on drinking, and such a disgusting sameness runs through all, that I have omitted the majority of them. I shall, however, take notice of any phrase in those omitted, which appears to require some animadversion.

ODE XX.

ON HIS MISTRESS.

OLD Tantalus' daughter, give credit to Fame*,
Was chang'd from a nymph, and a statue became;

And Procne, her form of a beauty resign'd,
Flies up, in a swallow, as quick as the wind.

This Ode has been imitated by a cloud of poets, and almost in every language.

αἰθε γεννημαῖν

'Α ἑορκευσα μιλισσα, καὶ εἰς τιόν αντρον ἱκοιμαν. Theoc.
O *utinam subito fieri mea munera possim.* Ovid.

O were I made, by some transforming pow'r,
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r! Pope.

* [Ἡ Τανταλὺς, κ. τ. λ.] Here *Pauw* has discovered two eminent blunders. *Non quadrat hic Niobes exemplum; nam ea formam non mutavit.*—*Si mentem habuisset odarii auctor, Proteum et Periclymenum hic debuisset commemorare,--sic a viris duxisset exemplum, non a mulierculis, ut nunc satis insulse facit. Quare*

May I be a mirror, my fairest to please;
 That full on my bosom you *ever* should gaze*;
 Or let me transform'd in a tunic appear,
 Your waist to encircle, your breast to be near.

hic statim in principio duplex est lyrici minus eruditi peccatum. But a change was made from rational to irrational nature, which is enough for the poetical purpose. Beside, the gallant bard's imagination was so monopolised by the fair, that he could not even think of a man.

* *Ὅπως αἶν.*] *For ever look at me:* and of the gown it is said afterward, *that you may ever wear me.* On which Pauw remarks, that *nimum est αἶν de speculo; de tunica mox frugalius sequitur—ita solent qui verba quærunt—ut versus oppleant.* This, in my opinion, if considered as a critical curiosity, can be scarcely equalled: such an extraordinary, such a stare-making comment, I am satisfied that Pauw could not find in Mr. Barnes.—Our poet wishes to be his fair one's glass, that she may *for ever* look at him—"saying *for ever*," replies Pauw, "is saying too much of the glass."—A kind hint to his reader! lest he should imagine that a beauty stares in her glass, when fast asleep.—"But more *frugality* appears with regard to the gown."—How so?

As unguents or water, I'd visit my girl*,
 Or hang on your neck in the shape of a pearl;

is not *eternity* given to both? I presume the reason is, because, when the lady dressed herself in the morning, she kept on the gown until she retired to bed; whereas she could not conveniently hold the glass before her, while eating, drinking, doing some family-business, or walking about the streets; the consequence of which is, that our bard has wasted less of *αἶν* on the gown, than he has, with absurd *prodigality*, on the glass. Such are the observations of the most self-sufficient, insolent, abusive, dogmatical writer who ever set pen on paper. *Αἶν* and *semper* are not mere expletives: they are intended to signify *often*, or *long time*, by every poet; and a literal version of them is used for the same purpose, in English, in French, and, as I believe, in most, if not all, of the modern tongues in Europe.

I am obliged to quote Pauw more frequently than any other critic; for the others are chiefly busied in settling the metre, which I pass over unnoticed, or in stating the various readings; whereas Pauw adds his opinion of the merits or demerits of almost every ode.

* *Γυναί*] *O woman.* Neither נָשִׁא in Hebrew, nor Ω γυναι in Greek, sounded, in those lan-

Ev'n slippers I'd be, could I gain my request ;
For sure 'tis a joy by your foot to be press'd*.

guages, as *O woman* does to an English ear. *Hom-mer* makes a princess addressed by that title ; *Ana-creon* here gives it to his fair one ; characters which are always treated with the highest degree of flattery, or, at least, respect.

* ΜΟΝΟΝ ΠΟΔΩΝ ΠΑΤΕΙΝ ΜΕ] *by your feet to be kicked, or trodden.*—On this concluding line *M. Paus* observes,—*si ad præcedentia et indolem sermonis attendas, facile videbis mecum, hæc metri necessitate etiam* (i. e. this line, as well as the word *αἰ* before mentioned) *extorta esse homini pauperis ingenii.*—Thus it seems that an entire line of an ode, not confined to any given number of lines, and which has the same measure in every line, is an expletive only to complete the measure—the measure of what ? of the whole ode ? That sure is too ridiculous. Is the verse then an expletive to complete itself ? That is, if possible, worse. A reader, for aught I know, may discover the critic's intention : but, for my part, I can find nothing in it, but what, to my judgement, seems evident nonsense.

ODE XXVI.

ON HIMSELF.

WHEN Bacchus has fully replenish'd the veins,
No trouble can reach or can tease us :
I sing o'er the bowl, am a stranger to pains,
And think myself rich as a Cræsus.
Then wreathing green ivy my forehead around,
So fruitful is liquor of mirth,
Contented I stretch at full length on the ground,
And spurn all the things upon earth*.

* ΚΕΙΜΑΙ, ΠΑΤΩ Δ' ἈΠΑΝΤΑ.] When a man, by filthy ebriety, has brought himself into a temporary palsy, and temporary idiotism ; when his limbs cannot support him ; when the *os sublime* lies groveling like a hog upon the ground, and every word, which he can articulate, shows the fool ; then he becomes the most excellent being upon earth !—A very natural picture, on which *Paus* does not make any

Let others love war—bring a bottle, my boy*!

For have it I will, and I must.—

Dead-drunk to lie stretch'd, is allow'd to be joy,

But none to lie dead in the dust.

remark, though delighted by the preternatural image of a drunken dove.

* 'Οπλις', *εγω δε πινω.*] I have followed the version of *H. Steph.* The ode requires it; and *οπλιζε*, instead of *οπλιζε*, an active, instead of a passive verb, and *vice versa*, is not uncommon in poetical language. —We have a parallel to this ode in Ode XXXVIII.

Ὅ μιν θελων μαχεσθαι—μαχεσθω. κ. τ. λ.

Let those, whom martial glory charms,
Indulge their dang'rous choice of arms.

For me, O boy, produce the cup, &c.

ODE XXVIII.

OF HIS MISTRESS, TO THE PAINTER.

MASTER of the rosy art*,

Try the pleasing, friendly part:

Paint my beauty all divine;

Colour you, and I'll design.

. Make her tresses easy lie,

Softly touch'd, and black the die.

If your tint so far prevailst†,

Paint them breathing od'rous gales.

* 'Ροδινη] *rosy.* *H. Steph.* who is followed by all the critics, has changed this word into 'Ροδιος, *Rhodian*; and *Pauw* adds quaintly, that *ῥοδινος male olet, et rosas minime spirat.* However, I think that painting may be styled, and with sufficient propriety, the rosy art; for most, if not all mixed colours, are warmed with a portion of red, as every painter knows.

† *Αν δυνται.*] *Anacreon* is right, says *Faber*, to add

Next, her forehead smooth and fair*
Gently raise beneath her hair.

if possible, since a picture is not made for the nose, but eyes : an observation worthy of *Pauw* himself !

* Γραφε δ' ἐξ ὅλης παρειάς, ὑπο πορφύρεασι χαιταῖς, κ. τ. λ.] The whole sentence runs, in regard to the hair and forehead, thus—*paint out of, or from an entire cheek, under her beautiful hair, an ivory forehead.* The adjective *entire*, is rendered *plena* by *Baxter* and *Mr. Barnes*, who tell us, that *quoniam utraque gena non potuit integra depingi, voluit autem unam certe integram poni, quo et ipsa frons conspectior fieret*; which seems to imply, that, by turning a face, from being full, toward a profile, we lessen one cheek, and make the forehead *conspectior* to the view. Such drawing, to me, is inconceivable. *Blaterant miseri*, cries *Pauw*; *aliud requiritur, quod tribus verbis tibi exponam.* Παρεια ὅλη est *gena plenior, quam nulla macies obsidet.*—*Nihil naturalius, nihil accommodatius.* It seems that a *plena* could not satisfy our critic; he must have a *plenior gena*, which represents to our imagination a cheek swelled out by a violent tooth-ach. There should be a medium between *plenior* and *macilenta*, or you cannot have an agreeable contour. Beside, I do not recollect ever to have seen ὅλος made use of to signify plump

Forin a brow on either side;
Mix them not, nor yet divide*;

or prominent. There is here another difficulty, which the commentators have passed over without any remark; I mean, with what propriety the forehead can be said to rise out of the cheek, whether lean or plump. For my part, I cannot answer this question, nor do I understand what the poet means by his epithet ὅλος. *Mr. Barnes* renders ὑπο πορφύρεασι χαιταῖς, *sub violaceis capillis*, and tells us, in his notes, that *Tamerlane* the Tartar boasted of purple hair. This is really surprising, since he could not but know that πορφυρεός, is here an epithet only, and that the hair of this portrait is expressly painted black.

* Μη μοι διακοπτε, μητε μισγε.] *Neither cut them nor mingle them.* A junction of the eye-brows was considered by some writers as an eminent beauty. It is not generally thought so at present: but there is no accounting for different tastes. *Petronius* runs into a wild excess. *Supercilia ad malarum stricturam currentia, et rursus confinio luminum pene permixta.* This in nature would be monstrous; on canvas, a mere caricature. *Pauw* acknowledges that the brows are arched; but of the eye-lids he says that *orbis est nullus*; he is profoundly

Let no eye distinctly see
 Where they part, or where agree.
 Then her eye-lash must arise
 Black and circling o'er her eyes.
 Now her eyes your hand require;
 Paint them sparkling as the fire,
 Awful as the queen of arms*,
 Lively as the queen of charm†.

ignorant of painting; but it seems strange that he never looked at a human face.

* Γλαυκόν] *blue*. The epithet γλαυκῶπις is so appropriated to *Minerva*, that we must understand by it, in this place, her look in general, and not the particular colour of her eyes: see the following Ode. Barnes defines γλαυκός to be *color subviridis, albo mixtus, et quasi clarus, et igneo quidam splendore suffusus*: a definition which, I think, represents too exactly the eye of a cat.

† Ὡς Κυθνης.] *Wet as the eye of Venus*. The version of ὕγρος, which *Hen. Steph.* gives, is *patus*; he takes it from a Latin epigram, which ascribes an *oculus patus* to the queen of love. I wish that I

Next attempt her cheeks and nose:
 Blend the fairness through the rose*;

could agree with him; for it is really painful to contradict such an eminent critic; but I apprehend, from *Horace*, that *patus* regards the situation of an eye in its socket, and by no means the beauty or vivacity of it; for, says he, *Strabonem appellat patum*; here a *patus* seems to be a *strabo* in a lesser degree; since it is absurd to imagine that a parent is so blind, as to call a manifest deformity in a child, by the name of an opposite beauty. The fondest of mothers would attempt only to palliate, not to praise; for praise would be ridicule on such an occasion; (though our dull commentator, in *usum Delphini*, tells us that *patus* means a rolling and beauteous eye like that of *Venus*.) I would chuse to translate *Horace*—"in friendship we should imitate the fond parent, who says, of a squinting child, that it has a *cast*"—a *patus* is exactly opposite to a *strabo*; in the former, the iris is turned outward, or toward the temples; but in the latter, (which is far more disgusting) invariably toward the inner *canthus*. When a side-look is not fixed, but occasionally mimicked, it may be fitly ascribed to a *Venus*. In regard to ὕγρος, I understand it here in its natural meaning, *wet*; a bright

Then her lip's persuasive grace,
Softly courting an embrace.

eye constantly seems as wetted; whereas, if that organ appears dryish, it indicates stupidity or disorder. The surface of water is so bright and vivid, that even the lustre of a diamond is by jewellers called the *water*. Hence *Parnel*:

He made her eyes with di'mond water shine.

Perhaps *Horace* alludes to this vivacity by *vultus lubricus*: *Solomon*, who was a perfect judge of beauty, says, *thine eyes are the fish-pools*; here the metaphor cannot bear any dispute: and it must be with reference to the clearness and brightness of water, that *Musaëus* gives the epithet *ὕγος* to the virgin-blushes of his delicate *Hero*—

Λίδου ὕγειον ἐρυθρόν: ἀποσταζούσα πρὸς ὤπη.

* Ῥόδου τῆ γαλακτί μὲς.] *Blending the fairness, &c.*

Mr. *Barnes* says, *ut si major in genis rosei coloris mixtura, minor in naso, et e contra, &c.* That indeed is required, but not by the text, which does not give any such implication. Our poet, in this description, compares the skin of his mistress to ivory, milk, and marble. For my part, when I read in the poets of a skin like milk, snow, or lilies, I consider such language as merely hyperbolic; partly, because such a skin would be monstrous and

Let a thousand graces deck
All her Parian-marble neck.

terrific; and partly, because the Grecians, when not figurative, are in their painting extremely warm. As to ivory and marble, they are made similes on account of their uniform colour and excellent smoothness. A skin without any pimple, spot, freckle, or wrinkle, would be an elegant skin indeed, and, in that respect, like good ivory or the beautiful stone of *Paros*. Thus *Horace* compares *Glycera* to marble, not for the whiteness, but for the clearness and purity of the stone.

Urit me Glycera nitior

Splendentis Pario marmore purius.

And the bard himself, in his encomium on the rose, (*Ode LIII.*) declares, that, without the colour of that flower, it would be impossible to describe *Venus*, or any one of the celestial fair. *Pauw* cannot believe that the nose is here concerned at all.—*Color lactis et rosarum mixtus ad solas genas pertinet—Facies hic mixtum illum colorem non admittit—nihil fuit absurdius quam frontem eburneam facere, faciem autem reliquam ita colorare, ut lactis et rosarum referret mixturam. Hoc perspicuum est.—Certum igitur est quod de genis dicimus solis.* Paint the nose and cheeks, says the original, mixing the

Painter, now, to clothe the rest,
 Form a purple, slender vest,
 Clear, pellucid, that her skin
 Half observ'd shall lie within :
 Prying fancy thus may know,
 Wond'rous beauties are below.

Hold! enough! I see the fair*:

All her charms confess'd appear!

rose with the milk—What rose with what milk? Most evidently the rose of her cheek with the milk or fairness of her nose; where these colours meet, they should be so *ἀλλοθως* blended together, as to leave no perceptible line of distinction. In my judgement, the poet is extremely clear: but whatever *Pauw* does not understand, of necessity must be wrong; accordingly he concludes, *Poëtam adjuvare non possumus; ctmox culpa ejus recurrit certa.*

* *Ἀπὸ τοῦ βλεπῶ γὰρ αὐτῆς.*] Except here and in *St. Mark*, the word *ἄπικτι*, meaning *sat est, sufficit*, is not to be found among the Grecian writers now extant. Wherefore the critics would change it according to their different fancies. *Hen. Steph.* (in his *Thesaurus*) would read *ἄπικτις*, which agrees with

Such the work in ev'ry feature,
 Voice would make it real nature.

λαβὲ μισθον, in the following ode, as to the sense: but, for want of *μισθον*, it is a most uncommon *ellipsis*. *Pauw* chuses it also in *St. Mark*: yet I cannot admit his explanation of the passage; for it implies that our Lord was ignorant of the approach of *Judas*, until he was close at hand. *Whitby*, in his comment on the Evangelist, renders *Anacreon* in such a manner, as shows the necessity of understanding somewhat of painting, before we can understand the Grecian poets. He conceives the bard to mean, "hold! I see the beauty herself, (*ὅλεπῶ αὐτῆς*) and therefore have no need of her picture." I wonder that he never heard such common phrases as are used, when, pointing to pictures, we say, *there is the very woman*, or *there is the man standing before you*, intending only to praise an accurate likeness.

ODE XXIX.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT*.

ARTIST, as nicely as you can,
 My beauty paint, and this the plan.
 Begin: and first her lovely hair
 Requires a master's skill and care:

* Τότε δὲ παῖδες ἵσι καλοὶ.—ὅσοι ἑκάστι γυναικὶ χροοὶ, says *Glycera* in *Athenæus*; and Ω παῖ παρθενίον βλαπῶν, says our bard in a fragment. I have therefore, without injuring the portrait, changed the title of this ode, which, *mutatis nominibus deorum*, could as justly be inscribed *περὶ τῆς Ερωμένης*, as *περὶ τῆς Βιθυλλῆς*, were it not for one passage, which I have omitted, as being too coarse for a modern ear. Mr. *Barnes* has given a long *defensio παιδιστικῆς*, a subject which the learned well know, and which would give little pleasure, and still less improvement, to an English reader.

A vivid black must charm the sight;
 But on the summit raise the light*.
 Dispose your curls through ev'ry part
 With feign'd neglect, with artless art†:
 Let all as free and easy flow,
 As sporting nature bid them grow.
 Her forehead softly touch; and now
 A well-turn'd crescent make the brow.
 Black be her sparkling eyes design'd,
 Severely keen, yet softly kind.
 From Pallas take the glance severe;
 From Venus add the milder air;

* Ες ἀκρὺν ἥλιωσας.] *Sunny, or shining on the summit, or prominent part.* See this explained in a comment on a beautiful simile in *Musæus*.

† Ἐλίκας δ' ἐλευθεροῦς—κ. τ. λ.] Every word here is nicely chosen. The poet would not say, make the curls lie, but ἀφεῖς, *permit* them to lie, ὡς θελοῦσι, *as they please*, ἀτακτα συνθεῖς, disposing them *without a stiff regularity*.

That each who sees, and fondly burns,
May hope, and trembling dread by turns*.

Now paint her cheeks, and paint them, each
Soft as the tend'rest downy peach;
O'er which, with lively colour, spread
A modest bloom of rosy red.

The lips all pow'r of words defy!
In those let just persuasion lie:
Through ev'ry touch bid nature wake,
As if the picture meant to speak†.

* ἵνα τις τὸ μὴ φέηται—κ. τ. λ.] The alternate hopes and fears of a lover are well expressed by *Musæus* in the following line.—

Εἰς δὲ μιν τότε θαμβὸς, αἰαδὴν, τρομος, αἶδως.

If *Panw* knew any thing of painting, he would certainly have damned the whole ode, and cried out, as usual, *ineptiit poeta*, who begins with the locks before he had touched the face; but *Anacreon* considered only the beauties of partial description, and not any general regularity or correctness of design.

† Λαλῶ σιωπῇ] *speaking silently*. As the lowest

Thus form'd complete her face divine—
As iv'ry smooth, the neck design.
From Dian's train collect the rest,
The well-turn'd limb, the hand, the breast.

Alas! imperfect is your art,
Which can't at once show ev'ry part.
A thousand charms the eye may find,
When plac'd her faultless shape behind.

Why should I speak of feet?—my task
Is ended: take whate'er you ask:
Exact from Venus draw the fair,
With all her great, celestial air:
Or, if my nymph you chance to see,
Her form shall Venus plan for thee.

whisper, in every language which has labials, requires some motion of the lips, I like better what our poet says in a fragment, *the picture seems listening*, and expects that some person would speak to it.

ODE XXX.

ON CUPID.

It chanc'd, when the Muses young Cupid had
found,

Surprising the god as he lay,
They took him, with garlands and fillets they
bound,

Then gave to fair Beauty the prey*.

* Τῷ Καλλίῳ παραδωκαν.] *They delivered him to Beauty.* This prosopopœia makes Venus and Beauty two different persons.—*Odarium vere elegans*, says *Pauw*, *in quo nihil est quod reprehendi possit.* He might have been more kind, by explaining to us wherein lies the particular elegance of this little fable. If a moral is expected, I suppose it may be, that, when a woman is truly amiable, she secures the attachment of her admirer,

—tenetque grata
Compede vinctum.

Now Venus, his liberty wishing to gain,
Proposes to ransom her Love
But Cupid determines—sopleasing his chain—
Though free, that he never will move.

ODE XXXII.

ON HIS LOVES*.

WHOE'ER can tell the ocean-waves,
Or number all the summer-leaves,
May try alone the arduous part,
And sum the conquests o'er my heart.

* *Odarium haud dubie, cries Patw, est hominis recentioris, qui ~~reparatioris~~ amabat, eumque praeferbat antiquorum aurea simplicitati.* Hence we must conclude that *hyperbole* was unknown to ancient poets; which *haud dubie* is plainly false. This critic often declares war against rhetorical figures. It seems that *Virgil* and he considered *hyperbole* in different lights: what would he say to the following passage?

Millia quot magnis nunquam venere Mycenis.

Some may think this a natural expression of fear: but our hypercritic would exclaim, *Nuga, nuga*; a palpable contradiction!

First courtly Athens write, and there
A list of five and thirty fair.
Achaia next your pen requires,
Where crowds on crowds my soul desires;
For Corinth boasts a lovely race,
Attractive, form'd with ev'ry grace.
Now reckon twice a thousand dames,
My Lesbian, Carian, Rhodian flames.
What! still more loves?—Yes, more and
more;
I pass'd as yet my Syrian store;
I pass'd as yet untold the Nile,
And happy Crete's all-plenteous isle*,

* There is not a poet, not a historian, whether Greek or Latin, who speaks of Crete, without celebrating it for riches and numerous fleets; hence we may conclude that it enjoyed every article of convenience and luxury which a trade to Europe, Africa, and Asia, could afford. I am therefore surprised to

Where love their circling pleasure crowns,
And revels through a hundred towns.

Still shall I speak, and tell the rest,
Whose winning forms my soul possess'd?
For thousands still I feel the pain,
From India to the western main*.

find Madame Dacier ignorant of what the poet means by his epithet ἀπαντ' ἔχουσι, *containing every thing*. If a modern writer should say of London, *it contains every thing, or every thing may be had in it*, I believe that his meaning would rarely be mistaken.

* Ἐκτος αὐ Γαδירות—κ. τ. λ.] *From Cadiz to India*. Thus Juvenal:

————— *a Gadibus usque*
Auroram et Gungen. —————

These are proverbial expressions, to signify all the world. *Huc, si liceret*, says Mr. Barnes, *adjicerem*, Σηλαῖων δὲ δὲ Ἡρακλίου. The sense would then be, *I admire all the girls from this to Cadiz, and for a part of the way*. I wonder that Barnes did not mind the absurdity of such an addition.

ODE XXXIII.

TO THE SWALLOW.

You come, fair Swallow, ev'ry year*,
To build, when genial suns appear;

* Χελιδόν.] *Swallow*. The situation of this bird in the winter is variously reported by various authors. Since the time of *Olaus Magnus*, it has been generally held that swallows plunge into lakes and ponds, are frozen over, and so continue until the return of spring. *Derham* was of this opinion, but, to confirm it, tells such an idle tale as is enough to discredit his whole relation—"An ancient fisherman," says he, "accounted an honest man, saw, at a very low ebb, a black list of some thing adhering to the rock. He found it was a great number of swallows hanging by the feet to one another, as bees do, which were covered commonly by the sea-waters," &c.—Supposing them to escape from crabs, cods, and other voracious fishes, how can we imagine that bodies, incompara-

And, ere chill snows the plains defile,
Retire to Memphis or the Nile.

bly heavier than swallows, would not by wintry storms, and consequent surges, be dashed to pieces against the rocks, or cast up and scattered along the beach? Neither seals, crocodiles, hippopotami, frogs, beavers, nor any kind of amphibious animals, whether their usual residence is on earth, in fresh or salt water, could for a week, much less for half the year, abide without inhaling a greater quantity of air than water is known to afford. Even whales, though not amphibious, require a due proportion. No animal can subsist without a circulation of blood; and what motion of the lungs, what systole or diastole of the heart, what *vis motrix* of circulation can swallows have, without gills, when the whole thorax is, of necessity, full of water? Beside, those birds are so numerous, that few ponds, if the bishop is right, would be without a collection of them; and their ascent or descent could not escape the yearly observation of many different persons. For these reasons, I believe the common report of swallows to be nothing more than a fable. Our poet says that they retire to southern climes: and if the Greeks so conjectured, because those birds disappear before the *Etesian*

But Love a strong perennial nest
Forms in my hapless tortur'd breast;

winds are quite ended, it was a natural supposition. By the Romans it was judged that they slept hidden among the rocks:

Cum glaciantur aquæ, scopulis se condit hirundo.

Willoughby is on the Grecian side; and his opinion is put beyond all reasonable doubt by *M. Adanson* the naturalist, who resided five years at Senegal, and is a truly candid, ingenuous writer. He tells us, that, on his passage thither, four European swallows perched on the tackle of his ship near the coast of Africa, but so fatigued that they could not attempt to escape; that, in Senegal, during winter, a crowd of them lay nightly on the sands; that, at Gambia, many came every evening, and slept with him in his hut; but that, in those countries, they never were known to breed. To this I must add the account of two ship-captains, employed in the trade to Guinea for several years. Both of them assured me that swallows are as common there in December, as with us in the middle of May. These reports, in my opinion, cannot be contradicted with any measure of justice: yet that many of those birds stay with us through the year, I know by ocular demonstration, having once seen a large

Never, oh! never thence removes,
And rears, unceasing, endless Loves.

sleeping mass of them taken, in January, from an ancient coal-pit. It may be objected, that, if some go, and some remain, the goers and residents are actuated by a different instinct. True: but as swallows continue to hatch until nearly their time of disappearing, may not instinct, as it is called, teach the young ones that they have not strength enough to accompany their parents in a voyage to the tropics or equinoctial line? and may not the great Being, whose mercy is over all his works, prepare them for sleep during winter, since flies, their only nutriment, cannot then be obtained? Are not young birds always fatter than the old which feed them? so that, while the parents are enabled, by greater strength, to perform long flights, their issue are better provided for a tedious fast. I can see the benign disposition of our Creator, but nothing irrational, in such conjectures.

Perhaps what has been said of swallows, is partly true of quails. These are also birds of passage, but not sleepers, which come in large flights from Africa in the spring, breed here, and return before the cold is disagreeable to them. Yet that many (young ones, I suppose) remain in these countries,

Some half appear: some newly gain
Their wings; and some unhatch'd remain.
No silence dwells the broods among;
But ever chirp the callow young:
Loves upon Loves eternal press;
The larger educate the less;
And these in turn, when fully grown,
Produce an offspring of their own.

Ah! what affords some kind relief?

For language vainly paints my grief*.

and are shot in the winter-season, is a truth well known to every fowler.

* *Εκγονται*.] Many of the critics reject this verb, which is however defended by Mr. *Barnes*. For the proposed corrections, see *Pauw*. The verb is adopted by *Catullus* —

Ubi cymbalum sonat vox, ubi tympana reboant.

Mr. *Barnes* quotes an imitation of this ode by an Italian nobleman, Count *Guidobaldo Bonarelli*, in a pastoral drama.

ODE XXXVII.

ON THE SPRING.

BEHOLD! the flow'ry spring arrives;
 And slumb'ring Nature quick revives:
 The roses gem: the boist'rous main
 Forgets to rage, and smiles serene:
 The wanton duck in water plays:
 The stalking crane more boldly strays*;
 And Phœbus lends a genial ray,
 To cheer the bright'ning face of day.
 See! heav'n is cloudless, mild, and clear!
 See! rural toils refresh'd appear †!

* *Odys.*] *The crane travels*—A picturesque expression, and not unlike the *spatiatur* of *Virgil*.

Et sola in sicca secum spatiatur arena.

† *Βεργων εργων.*] *The works of men.* These are properly towns, towers, &c. says *Baxter*: but he says

The olive buds; the teeming Earth
 Calls forth her various plants to birth;
 And now the vine, in early pride*,
 Diffuses shoots on ev'ry side.

it without any kind of authority. How could he suppose that architecture is improved by the return of spring?

* *Ναμα*—*κ. τ. λ.*] What is here said of the vine, appears to be much corrupted; *ναμα* and *καρπος* should be in a description of autumn, not of spring. Those who are fond of conjectural emendation, may find guessing enough among the critics.

ODE XXXIX.

ON HIMSELF.

REFLENISH'D with liquor, well gladdened my
heart,—

Such force has the juice of the vine,—
Inspir'd and inflam'd with the musical art,
I sing to the praise of the Nine.

2.

Replenish'd with liquor, the chaser of pain,
I feel neither sorrow nor care,
But give the hoarse tempest, which ruffles the
main,

To waft and disperse them in air.

3.

Replenish'd with liquor, my spirits restor'd,
Then Bacchus, a lover of play,

While new-blowing roses their fragrance af-
ford,

Commands to be frolic and gay.

4.

Replenish'd with liquor, I weave me a tire,
In chaplets o'erjoy'd to be dress'd;
And, crowning my temples, I praise and admire
Tranquillity, freedom, and rest.

5.

Replenish'd with liquor, I take the perfume,—
For beauty my bosom alarms—
Anoint me well over, a courage assume,
And catch the dear nymph in my arms.

6.

Replenish'd with liquor, high rais'd with a glass,
My heart is so free and dilated,
From sages and grave to the cheerful I pass,
And love with the young to be rated.

Good liquor alone is the gain we can have,

The only fix'd pleasure we boast :

The rest are all flitting, submit to the grave,

Forsaken, forgotten, and lost.

ODE XL.

ON CUPID.

As heedless Cupid chanc'd to rove
Where fragrant roses deck'd the grove,
A bee, which lay the flow'rs among,
Unmark'd, his finger deeply stung.
Quick to his lips the wound apply'd,
He suck'd, he sooth'd, and loudly cry'd.

To Venus now, in trembling haste,
He ran, he flew, by pain oppress'd,
And "Mother, oh! assist your son!
"Assist," he cries: "I'm lost! undone*!

* *Ολωλα—αποθησκει.*] *Cupid*, says *Pauc*, was not such a fool, *utut parvus et tenellus, præsertim ubi jam arcu valebat*, as to think himself in danger of death. *Nonne illud ολωλα, nonne illud αποθησκει nimium est in ore pueri immortalis?*—A truly ridiculous note indeed! It is hardly worth observing that verbs,

" Pierc'd by a dragon—here you see—

" Swains call the monstrous snake a bee."

" Think then," the beauteous queen replies,

" If wounds can pain of such a size,

" What hapless man is doom'd to know,

" At whom you draw your deadly bow."

which in strictness mean *dying, expiring*, &c. are used, in most languages, to signify nothing more than great uneasiness of body or mind.

ODE XLIII.

ON THE GRASS-HOPPER.

DEW-FED Tettix, happy thou*,

Perching on a leafy bough!

* *Τετλίξ.*] *The tettix, or grass-hopper.* M. Adanson the naturalist, when sailing up the Niger, was delighted by the fine meadows, enlivened by grass-hoppers of a beautiful green colour, variegated with a lively red. In these parts of Europe, they are of a dusky greenish colour, but, as in Afric, are constantly on the ground: yet the Greek writers universally place them on the trees; a remarkable difference made by different climes.

The Grecians, as appears from *Ælian*, were used in his time to eat those insects; which may be thought strange by a reader who had no other account of them than what he collected from the Grecian poets. But an authentic traveler informs us that "sometimes grass-hoppers do fall so thick
" in Constantinople, in the summer-time, and that
" especially in June and July, that a man cannot
" pass in the streets of Constantinople or Galata,

Happy, while you sit and sing,
Thron'd sublimely as a king*!
Meadows, blossoms, all you see,
Ev'ry sweet belongs to thee.
Fav'rite songster of the swain,
Harmless to his tender grain†;

"but he shall every where tread upon them; also
"they fly so thick upon the tops of houses, that
"they do cover the tiles. Besides, they are much
"greater than ours," &c. This being the case,
we may readily believe that such persons might eat
the grass-hopper, as had a stomach and taste to eat
the locust. The song of it is merely hyperbolic;
it has a monotonous and hoarse chirp only; where-
fore *Homer* justly compares the chat of old men on
a tower to the voice of a grass-hopper.

* Βασιλεὺς ὥπως] *as a king*. Since the creature
does no injury, this plainly regards its situation, not
its voice; thus we say, such a house commands all
the country round about it.

† Ἀπο μῆδ' οὐδ' τι βλάπτει.] *Pauw* has much better
explained this passage than *Mr. Barnes*; *verba tra-*
jecta, says he: *ordo est, ἀποβλάπτει τι μῆδ' οὐδ' τι, nullius*
quid lædens. Το μῆδ' οὐδ' τι respicit γινώσκειν præcedens.
Tales trajectoryones sunt satis frequentes; quanquam

All thy cheering notes adore,
Prophet of autumnal store.

Happy too in Phœbus' choice!
Phœbus gave thy little voice.
Free from age's slow decline,
Pleasing thou to all the Nine.

Wise, harmonious, gentle, good,
Earth-born, void of flesh and blood*,
Whom no passions triumph o'er—
Sure the gods are scarcely more†!

Barnesius certe ita vertit; "de nihilo quicquam lædens."—Then he proceeds as usual—*quid mirum? ab ipsa infantia sua nugari didicerat bonus.*

* *Inhumana cicadæ. Mart.*—*Pliny* observes
that insects have neither *nervos, nec ossa, nec spinas,*
nec cartilaginem, nec pinguiam, nec carnes, nec crus-
tam quidem fragilem,—nec quæ jure dicatur cutis;
sed mediæ cujusdam, inter hæc omnia, naturæ corpus.

† Σχεδόν τι θεοῖς ὅμοιος.] *You are almost like the gods.*
This certainly has the most epigrammatical turn of
all the odes; and from the premises, according to
heathen mythology, the poet's conclusion is justly
drawn.

ODE XLIV.

ON HIS DREAM.

ASLEEP and easy once reclin'd,
 Methought I rose, had wings behind,
 And quick and lightly flew ;
 When Cupid, still more wond'rous fleet,
 Though lead oppress'd his little feet,
 Pursu'd, and caught me too.
 What means the vision?—surely this :
 I ramble now from bliss to bliss,
 From nymph to nymph around :
 But one, attractive o'er the rest,
 Of all my captive soul possess'd,
 Will hold it strongly bound*.

* 'Εν τῷδε τυπθῆναι.] I must here give due praise
 to M. Pauw. This alteration of this line may, I
 think, be justly called a restoration : it is rational,

easy, clear : instead of *ἐν τῷδε*, he reads *ἐν τῷ, δε*.
 How could the poet say, that he might escape from
 others, but would be confined to this one? which of
 the *πολλοί*, the many, before mentioned? This, doubt-
 less, stood in need of correction ; and the slight al-
 teration which Pauw has made, gives a fit answer to
 the question proposed, and a desirable perspicuity
 to all the ode. I wish that he had omitted his
 rough conclusion, “the prattling of other commen-
 “tators does nothing but make him sick.”—I should
 have observed, that *τῷ* is here put for *τῇ*, which is
 not without many examples.

ODE XLV.

ON THE ARROWS OF CUPID.

WHEN Vulcan, obliging his goddess of charms,
At Lemnos had finish'd for Cupid some arms,
The queen in pure honey anointed them all:
But Cupid maliciously mix'd it with gall*.

* Μελι—χολης εμςγει.] This composition makes the γλυκυπικρον, the bitter-sweets of love; an epithet familiar to every poet. We have an explanation of this ode from our learned Bentley, and another from M. Pauw.

Jaculum, says Bentley, *ex vivo igne et ætherio fulgure constans*, in Martis corpus se sponte insinuat, et re cognitum latuit. Inde est illud αναστυαζας, gemitum et suspirium ducens, ob vulnus scilicet, et αγοι αυτο, tolle quæso; quippe in intima corporis penetraverat. Εχι vero αυτο, tecum serva, ait Cupido irridens, qui solus potuit extrahere, sed noluit.

Mira, mira, cries Pauw, sed nimis Hercule mira; quare ea captum meum longe superant, et aliud requiro. Id autem ubi in aliorum commentis non of-

Now Mars, who exults in the weight of his
lance,
From battle returning, and passing by chance,

fendo, paucis, quod res est, tibi exponam, lector. Cum Mars telum Cupidinis in manum sumpsit, vis teli occulta statim per poros se in manus intima insinuavit, eamque omni robore ita privavit, ut deus telum manu neque sustinere, neque emittere potuit; quia movendi facultas d-est, et pro manu mortua potius haberi debet, quam pro manu viva. Sic omnia hic perspicua sunt et plana. Mars nunc tenere debebat invitus, cum cateroquin id vel Cupidini reddere, vel manu emittere, potuisset facile, &c.

I cannot agree with Bentley; for he does not agree with mythology. It was never fabled that Cupid's arrows wounded spontaneously, and without any force impressed: the bow was as necessary to that little deity, as to an earthly archer. Beside, our critic makes the weapon not only pierce into the hand, but run up the arm, then turning at the elbow, pass through the shoulder, where changing its direction, it proceeds downward, in intima corporis, by which we may suppose that he means the heart. Thus, it is true *fulgur*, which never moves in a right line, but always in different angles.

Pauw tells us that he has made every thing plain

Observ'd the young urchin accoutred, and
laugh'd,

Deriding the boy, and the size of his shaft.

"Though little," says Cupid, "it seems
to the eye,

"You'll find it is heavy:—here, take it and try."

Mars handled the weapon, nor thought of a
cheat:

and clear: but, in my judgement, he has made nothing but an absurd heap of confusion.—Why are the virulent effluvia of Cupid's arrow confined to the hand of *Mars*? why not taken up by the vessels, and carried to the heart by a natural course of circulation? If the hand was senseless, what made the god issue his vehement groans? Why did not the weapon fall by its own weight, unless the hand, instead of being dead, griped it by the force of a strong convulsion? And what pleasure can we suppose the tender queen of love received on foreseeing that poor *Mars* would become an invalid, and lose the use of a limb? On the whole, I think we may answer to *Pauw* as he does to *Bentley*, *mira, mira, sed nimis Hercule mira!*

But Venus was pleas'd when he swallow'd the
bait.

"O Love!" cries the warrior, distracted
with pain,

"'Tis wonderful heavy! O! take it again*."—

"Not so," replies Cupid: "good Mars, you
must have it:

"Pray call it your own; for I heartily gave it."

* *Βαρυ.*] This Ode, in my opinion, is no more than a trick of *Cupid*, which he plays by using a word of two different senses. *Βαρυ* is literally *heavy*, figuratively *painful*: and the mischief-loving urchin, who never speaks what he thinks (*Οὐ γὰρ ἴσθι ποτὶ καὶ φθιγγεται*, says Moschus) tells *Mars*, that, however small in appearance his shaft may be, it is in reality *βαρυ*. The plain soldier takes it without any suspicion, to poise and try the *weight* of it in his hand. *Venus* smiles, well knowing that *Mars* would be quickly in her toils; and he, from the contact of his hand with the poisonous weapon, being immediately filled with the pains of love, and now, though too late, understanding the treacherous scheme of *Cupid*, exclaims, "Oh! I confess

"that it is *Cagu*, extremely *painful*: here, here,
 "take it again!"—"By no means," says *Cupid*, de-
 riding *Mars* in his turn; "I make you a present of
 "it, and request that you will keep it."—I leave the
 critics to their anatomical and physical disquisitions.

ODE XLVII.

ON AVARICIOUS LOVE.

'Tis hard to pine by Love oppress'd,
 And hard to want the flatt'ring guest;
 But hardest is the lot, to burn
 And sigh and grieve without return.

No more has virtue pow'r to move,
 Nor sense can charm the fair to love:
 'Tis gold alone, whose conqu'ring aid
 Attacks the heart, and wins the maid*!

O! may the sordid wretch be curs'd,
 Who priz'd that dang'rous metal first!
 Through it, fraternal love retires,
 And children mourn their careless sires.

* *Αργυρον βλεπασιν.*] If lions were painters, says the
 fable, the pictures of men, conquering lions, would
 be extremely rare.

Through it, what barb'rous feuds arise!
 What streams of blood! what endless sighs!
 And lovers too, yet more severe,
 Are spurn'd by all the venal fair*.

* Ολλυμεσθα οἱ φιλοντις.] Why lovers in general?
 The rich may be lovers; and such, according to our
 poet, are in no danger of any repulse. I suppose we
 must understand this of *poetical* lovers; for the
 Muses and *Plutus* have seldom been cordial friends.

ODE LI.

ON A DISCUS REPRESENTING VENUS.

HAs then some hand with art divine
 Perform'd the beauteous, bold design,
 O'er a small disk contriv'd to grave*
 The wide-spread ocean's ev'ry wave?

Though I am far from judging this little piece
 to be correct, yet it contains some agreeable touches.
 We have a pretty French print, entitled *Vénus sur
 les Eaux*, which seems as if the engraver had taken
 his drawing entirely from this ode. However,
Pauw calls it *futile et ineptum*; and thus proceeds,
 as usual, to correct it. Sometimes the modest cri-
 tic informs us, that, if he had been at the elbow of
 the poet, he would have instructed him how to
 write. For my part, though it is clear enough that
 many of these odes have been injured by tran-
 scribers, yet, when I can elicit any sense from them,
 I am satisfied, and leave to our critics their vague
 conjectures.

* Δισκῷ.] The *discus* was used formerly, as we use

Has then some genius, heav'nly taught,
The queen of charms completely wrought?
From whose amours the bless'd abodes
Receiv'd their new-born race of gods*.

Behold, he shews the fair undress'd
Above; for waves inclose the rest.
See how she moves! her hands divide
With graceful ease the swelling tide;
Close to her stroke apply'd, declin'd,
She rows and leaves the wave behind.

Now through a surge her breast above
The gentle goddess seems to move.
As shines the lily's vivid hue,
When clos'd in vi'lets' dusky blue,

a sledge or a bar: it was cast for a trial of strength, and not of skill. According to *Eustathius*, they made it of iron or stone; when of iron, it went by the name of *Σδοα*.

* Here *Venus* signifies the natural passion. See *Lucretius* and others.

So, in the smooth, encircling brine,
Her charms celestial brightly shine*.

Mark, where Desire and Love, astride
On sportive dolphins, wanton ride!
How soft their looks! how mild to view!
How mild, yet how deceitful too!

Round the fair queen, the gath'ring fry
Leap up, and joyous please her eye:
Around they leap, and shoot, and play,
Where Venus lightly skims the sea.

* *Διαφαντα.*] *Shines through.* In colours, a figure can be represented as under water: but to suppose that it can be so done in metal, is rather too violent a supposition.

ODE LIII.

ON THE ROSE.

THE blooming rose, the flow'ry prime *
 Of vernal sweets, inspires a rhyme.
 Do you, my friend, the Muse obey †,
 In concert join, and aid the lay;
 For this the gods celestial breathe;
 This scent delights the world beneath;

* Μετ' ἡρος, μελοποιεῖ ῥόδον θεινον.] *I celebrate the summer-rose, together with the spring.* If θεινον was never used, and I cannot say that it was, to signify *e calyce protrusus*, or blown, as most flowers are in summer, I must leave the passage to critics, who repair and remake, according to their different fancies.

† Σὺν, ἱταίη—κ. τ. λ.] *My friend assist, &c.* Dacier supposes this ode to be sung by the poet and his friend, alternately: but of such a practice he does not give any example.

Of all the Graces this the joy,
 And am'rous Venus loves the toy.
 Hence bards this subject fondly chuse,
 A grateful theme to ev'ry Muse—
 Sweet flow'r to him who lonely strays
 Through devious woods and thorny ways!
 Each mirthful banquet, ev'ry board,
 And Bacchus' feasts, the rose afford.

What can be done without the rose?
 Her rosy hands Aurora shows;
 The nymphs appear with rosy arms;
 And Venus blooms in rosy charms.

This healing plant hath pow'r to save,
 Or lends its aid beyond the grave*,
 Eludes ev'n time's destructive rage,
 And holds its grateful scent in age †.

* Νεκροῖς.] *The dead.* Venus, with rose-ointment, preserved the body of *Hector*.

† Γηρας.] *Old age.* The leaves, pulled off and dried, retain an agreeable odour.

Sing now the mild, propitious hour,
Which gave the world this beauteous flow'r.

From ocean, lull'd to calm repose,
When love's wide-conqu'ring queen arose,
When heav'n and all its pow'rs, afraid,
Saw lab'ring Jove produce a maid,
'Twas then the rose, a glorious birth,
Sprang from its wond'ring parent, earth!

Now met the gods, and merg'd the leaves
Deep in their od'rous nectar-waves;
Gave the whole flow'r a splendid glow,
And on a thorn-bush made it grow*.

* *Ἀκανθῆς*.] *A thorn*. Here, I confess, we have an *exiguus mus*, after such a flourishing panegyric! How much more poetically just is our excellent *Milton*, who says, that in *Paradise*, before *Adam's* transgression, were

Flow'rs of all hue, and, without thorn, the rose.

ODE LIV.

ON HIMSELF*.

JOIN'D to a young and vig'rous choir,
I feel a youthful, vig'rous fire;
I feel warm blood through ev'ry vein,
And, wing'd by transport, dance again.

Attend, and bring the fillets, maid†!
Weave rosy chaplets; crown my head:

* In this ode we have, *veluti descripta tabella, vita senis*—an accurate picture of the poet.

† *Κυβητα*.] Whatever *Pauw* may assert to the contrary, I take *Cubeba* to be the name of a servant, and not of a partner in the dance. *Steph.* would have a different word, which *Pauw* calls *ineptissima lectio, nugæ meræ*. As to *Madame Dacier*, who proposes to read *κυβητα*, he thinks that she would do well, if she confined herself to the distaff:—a most uncourtly critic, on a courtly poet! His words are, *misere cecutivit, et ea scripsit, quæ fustum potius redolent, quam doctas librorum chartas.*

I'll throw this cumb'rous age away,
And, 'midst the young, be young and gay.

O! let some kind and gen'rous friend
With Bacchus' sparkling juice attend;
To see what strength inspires a sage,
Who knows to dance in spite of age,
Who knows to quaff with cheerful ease,
And madly toy, yet still to please*.

* *Μανναι*.] The *desipere in loco* of *Horace*, and *χαριτωσ μανναι*, are perfectly synonymous phrases.

ODE LV.

ON LOVERS.

THE horse, we observe, has a character on it;
And Parthians are guess'd by the shape of
their bonnet:

So they, in whom Cupid's warm passions abide,
Are clearly distinct from all creatures beside;
For each has a tenderness easily known*,
A softness peculiar to lovers alone.

* *Της ερωτας, ιδων επισταμ' ευθους*.] I shall here dismiss *Παιω*, having first transcribed his following observation. *Ineptissima ενοια, et ineptissima comparatio. An λιπτον illud χαραγμα in amantium ψυχη ita conspici poterat, ut πους χαραγμα in equorum coris, et tiara in Parthorum capitibus? An ex eo amantes dignosci poterant, eodem modo, quo ex tiara Parthi, ex signo inusto equi? Nihil stultius, nihil ab ipsa natura alienius. Attamen bonus id diserte affirmat hic; simul ac videbat amantes, notam illam tenzēm in*

anima eorum videre poterat, et ipsum amorem ex ea illico dignoscere. Ineptiæ, et ineptiæ meræ, quæ stomachum mihi cient. That is, in few words, "the ode is modern; for the author is an absurd miracle-monger, who pretends to see into the heart of man." Instead of a reply, which such nonsense does not merit, I shall only give two quotations.

————— κρυφαί, Φειδία,
'Ἀπαντα τ' ἄλλα τις δυναιτ' αὖ, πλην δυνον—κ. τ. λ.

All things, my friend, can lurk within,
But two; and those are clearly seen:
No art or love or wine belies;
They shine conspicuous through the eyes.

FRAGM. ANTIPH.

Quamvis tegatur, proditur vultu furor:
Erumpit oculis ignis —————

SENEC. HIPPOL.

ODE LX.

TO DIANA.

BEAUTEOUS progeny of Jove,
Dian, goddess of the grove,
Huntress, whose unerring darts,
Pierce the roes and trembling harts,
Come, oh! come, propitious maid!
Lethe claims thy patron-aid.
View the town with friendly eyes*;
Mark their heart-emitted sighs;
Let your people, just, humane†,
Favour hope, nor hope in vain.

* Πολις.] *The city. Magnesia, on the river Lethe.*
According to *Callimachus*, *Diana* obtained from *Jupiter* thirty towns, of which she was to be the only
(I suppose he means *principal*) deity.—Τεῖς δὲκα τοῖς
πολιτεῖα—κ. τ. λ.

† Οὐ γὰρ ἀνθρώπινος.] *Not inhuman.* We have a

story (by *Plutarch*, if I do not forget) of a poet who celebrated the goddess for cruelty and delight in blood; to which some auditor replied, "may she reward you with a daughter exactly of a similar temper." Our bard speaks a different language; his address implies that *Diana* was pleased with mildness and humanity. Beside, he is so far from recommending the Magnesians on account of their expensive sacrifices, (a practice of some less judicious writers)—he is so far from boasting even of their philanthropy and benevolence,—that he gives them no more than a mere negative commendation, *ὡς ἀνθρώποις*—a modesty very proper on such an occasion.

ODE LXV.

ON GOLD THE DESERTER.

WHEN gold, as swift as stormy wind,
Flies off, and leaves me far behind,
I let the traitor freely go:
For who would chuse to hunt a foe?

Now quite remov'd the dang'rous ore,
Perplex'd with doubts and fears no more,
I bid the gath'ring blasts obey,
And waft my ev'ry care away*;
Then take the long-neglected lyre,
And sing and play to soft desire.

I have numbered this Ode according to the edition of *Barnes*.

* Thus *Horace*:

———— Tristitiam et metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis —————

But, when my soul, grown firmly bold,
Unmov'd can view the charms of gold,
He quick returns in friendly guise,
With tipsy mirth, devoid of sighs,
Returns intent to spoil my vein*,
And make me shun the lyre again.

How long, oh gold! wilt thou essay
To lead my vig'rous mind astray?
Above thy charms, I love the lyre,
And notes attun'd to soft desire.

* Ως μὲν μὴν λυγρὸς γίνομαι.] It is an old complaint that wealth is injurious to a poet. For, as *Theocritus* observes,

* Ἄπειρα, διαφάντε, μόνα τὰς τέχνας ἐγείρει.

'Tis poverty awakes the various arts.

To shew gold at a distance, is *Vatibus addere calcar*: for,

— *Si dolosi spes refulserit nummi,*

Corvos poëtus, &c. —————

Wherefore, says *Parnel*,

If their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again.

Perfidious ore! by your deceits
The lyre is mute! and Love retreats.
'Tis you prevent our mutual bliss;
'Tis you disturb the sacred kiss*!
And then, delusive, treach'rous, fly
To shine in some barbarian eye;
But first from me, oh base design!
Try ev'ry lure to fright the Nine.

Know, that, 'till death the bliss refuses,
I'll touch the lyre, and court the Muses.
Then go, and cheat, where'er you go,
The starving wretch with empty show.

* Φιλημάτων.] *Kisses*. I do not understand what the poet here means, unless he allude to what he formerly observed, viz. that marriages are contracted for interest, not affection.

ODE LXVI.

ON THE SPRING.

How pleasing now to lightly tread
 With devious steps the flow'ry mead!
 To feel soft Zephyr's cooling gale,
 And all his od'rous breath inhale!
 How blooms the vine! what easy pleasure,
 On shady banks to stretch at leisure!
 And, o'er the rest, how doubly sweet
 A kind and beauteous nymph to meet!

Scaliger terms the style of *Anacreon* sweeter than sugar: *Pauv*, who is always as singular as tasteless, condemns most of the odes as perfect nonsense: *Burnes*, on the other hand, has discovered sublimity in them. But, without citing a list of Greek authors who praise our bard, I think that we may safely rely on the judgement of *Horace*, that *Anacreon* was a light, airy, familiar, and agreeable

poet. That he was light, easy and familiar, is signified, as I think, by *lusit Anacreon*: and *non delevit atus* implies that they were agreeable to every palate. Does not the present ode well justify the opinion of *Horace*?

ODE LXVII*.

ON HIS OLD AGE.

'Tis past! my feeble nerves decay!
 My locks are sadly chang'd to grey!
 Slow creeps the blood through ev'ry vein;
 No teeth, or useless teeth, remain.
 Invidious Time prepares the dart,
 And I, oh hapless! soon depart †!

* This number in *Barnes* is LVI. but, as these odes may be numbered *ad libitum*, I place it last; for it makes a just conclusion to a life of ebriety, love, and dissipation.

† Οὐκ ἔτι πολλὸς—χρῆνος—κ. τ. λ.] *A small portion of life remains.* *Suidas* quotes a passage from *Menececrates*, a comic poet, which may well be applied to the present ode.

Γῆρας, πᾶν μιν ἀπὸ παλαιοῦ καὶ εὐχεται· ἢ δὲ ποτ' ἔλθῃ,
 Μιμνῆσται—κ. τ. λ.

In youth, all wish for length of years,
 Yet blame their age, when age appears.

This bids my gath'ring tears to flow:
 I dread the hideous scenes below;
 I dread o'er hell's uncheerful coast
 To flit, a wand'ring, gloomy ghost;
 Convinc'd that he, whom Fates dis sever
 From present life, is gone for ever.

The following little piece, a *jeu d'esprit* of some anonymous writer, is added to his edition of *Anacreon*, by the eminent Mr. *Barnes*.

EPITHALAMIUM.

FAIR *Venus*, queen of realms above!
And prince of mortals, conqu'ring *Love*!
Young *Hymen*, whose propitious care
Renews the parent in his heir!
You, pow'rs divine, we joy to praise;
For you, attempt the nuptial lays.

Thrice happy youth! arise! arise!
And seise the partridge ere it flies.

O *Stratocles*, whom *Venus* loves,
Whom fair *Myrilla*'s self approves,
With rapture mark thy charming bride,
How fresh in beauty's early pride!

As, midst of flow'rs, supremely glows
The blush of some new-op'ning rose,

Myrilla, with celestial air,
So blooms, a rose among the fair.

But see! the night has stol'n away!
Your bridal bed receives the day*!

* *Φαῖνι*.] Literally, *the sun shews your bedchamber*. Mr. *Barnes* is here scarcely to be pardoned; he has discarded the original word, and substituted another of his own without any sort of authority; though perhaps a reader may think that the passage is so far from being mended, that it suffers extremely by the change. *Pro Φαῖνι*, says he, *malò Φαῖνι, ut congruat cum πικροῖς*. *Ænigmatice marem Myrillæ sobolem optat; Apollo enim, in mythologica illa cum Hecate contentione, hominem protulit*. But where shall we find a poet, who, in a panegyric on a young beauty, would introduce a female monster of hell? What relation to *Hecate* has *Myrilla*? A critic surely does enough, who gives what he thinks a correction, in his notes. Even admitting *Φαῖνι*, I do not comprehend how it implies a wish of male offspring, or indeed any rational wish at all. Beside, what appears incorrect or unintelligible to one commentator, may seem perfectly correct and obvious to another.

Instead then of—" may the sun shew your bed-

May ev'ry joy on both attend,
Nor cease your joys till life shall end.

chamber"—keep the original—"but the sun shews your bedchamber"—and it gives a clear, natural, easy thought. Every one knows that marriages were not celebrated, among the Greeks or Romans, until evening. Hence we find the common address to *Hesperus*, or the evening star. In long summer-days, it is more than probable that *Sol* arose, before the mirth and festivity, usual on such occasions, were entirely at an end; wherefore the poet very justly stops short, and observes to the new married couple—but *you are too long detained asunder: the sun is risen on your bedchamber, and finds it empty still*. The concluding wish is plain enough, but cannot bear a literal version.

Mr. Barnes has collected twenty small productions which he terms *Epigrammata Anacreontis*; by which he means nothing else than inscriptions; for some of them are epitaphs, as

Here lies *Timocritus*.—Oh partial grave!
You spare the coward, and destroy the brave!

Others are dedications, as

To *Phæbus* sacred hangs this faithful shield,
Defence of *Python* through the dang'rous field.

Two may be called epigrams, according to the most usual acceptation of the word.

On a brazen Heifer by Myron.

Away, ye herdsmen! feed your herds apart,
Unmix'd with *Myron's* wond'rous work of art;
Lest you mistake—mistake you easy may—
And drive the statue with the rest away.

On the same.

This heifer, sure, is chang'd by time alone
To brass; and *Myron* boasts the work his own.

We have another little poem in the collection, which breathes the disposition and temper of our elegant poet : but I know not how to give it a suitable title ; for it is not a dedication, nor an epitaph, nor an epigram in any sense of the term ; nor can I say that it is a fragment ; and it is too short for an ode. However, as the bard might have sung and played it in some friendly and agreeable company, perhaps we had best call it by the modern name, a *catch*.

I love not him, who o'er his gen'rous wine

With horrid wars our wounded ear assails,

But him, who, charm'd with *Venus* and the Nine,

Immixes sprightly jests and am'rous tales.

I shall conclude with a few observations on the authenticity of these odes.

1. *Horace* says that

————— *dicunt arsisse Bathyllo*

Anacreonta Teion,

Qui persape cava testudine flevit amorem, &c.

And yet, instead of *persape*, we have not, on that subject, one plaintive ode in the whole collection.

2. It can hardly be supposed that any poet, except a very mean one, would disgust his reader with a long string, a *crumbe repetita*, of songs on drinking, in which there is not the smallest attempt at any kind of variety. They all seem as if intended for nothing else than so many paraphrases on the epitaph of *Surdanapalus*, as I observed before.

3. The poetical taste is widely different in the different compositions. E. g. The natural painter of drunken man (Ode XXVI.) could not be guilty of that monstrous image, a drunken, dancing bird (Ode IX.) Who can read Ode III, in which Cupid gains admittance to, and wounds the author by a pretty device, and yet ascribe it to the same hand which wrote Ode LIX? for the latter, if not quite ridiculous, is, at best, but a mean conceit : here the poetaster finds Cupid in some roses, seises him by the pinions, sinks him in a glass of wine, and drinks him down, but is tormented by the feathers of the little archer, which tickle him so constantly, that he cannot get any relief.—To produce but one example more, out of a large number which might be collected, the conclusion of a panegyric on the grass-hopper is just, terse, and epigrammatical, whereas the conclusion of that on a rose entirely spoils the whole.

4. If to these reasons we add that very strong

one, quoted from *Suidas* by all the critics, viz. that *Anacreon wrote every thing in the Ionic dialect*, (which can by no means agree with the present collection), it seems highly probable that time has left us but a small portion of his genuine odes, and that most of those, now ascribed to our cheerful bard, should be called *Anacreontics* only, or imitations of that elegant poet.

TRANSLATIONS,

IMITATIONS,

&c. &c.

TRANSLATIONS,

&c.

FROM BION.

IDYLLIUM II.

A SPORTING boy, in hopes to find
And catch in traps the feath'ry kind,
Went to a thick and devious grove,
Where little birds were us'd to rove.
There, as he watch'd, he chanc'd to see
Young Cupid perching on a tree:
The boy observ'd, with joyful eyes,
How large the bird, how rich the prize.

Now, all his traps securely bound*,
 He mark'd the archer flutt'ring round.
 At length, grown tir'd, and vex'd at heart,
 That vain and useless prov'd his art,
 He went and brought a friendly sage,
 From whom he learn'd to make a cage,
 Show'd him the wondrous bird, and how
 It perch'd, quite careless, on a bough.
 The sire look'd at it, gently smil'd,
 And thus, in kindness, warn'd the child:
 "Forbear, my child! retire in haste,
 Nor wish to catch that dang'rous beast.
 Live free and easy while you can;
 For, when you gain the size of man,

* Τῶς καλάμῳς ἅμα πνύτας, κ. λ.] *Joining all the reeds, (traps) &c. in order to make one large enough to contain so great a bird; for we must suppose that the young bird-catcher's traps were prepared before he came from home.*

Good cause you'll find, the beast to dread:
 Unask'd, he'll seise your anxious head*."

* Κεφαλαίῳ ἐπὶ στήθῳ καθίζει.] *He will sit on your head.*
 The old poets seat love in the liver, or in the heart;
 but if imagination is resident in the *sensorium*, then
 all the passions must abide, of consequence, in the
 head.

BION.

IDYLLIUM VI.

CLEODAMUS AND MYRSON.

CLEODAMUS.

SINCE here we sit, of leisure hours possess'd,
 Tell me which season charms you o'er the rest:
 Do summer scenes your chief attention gain,
 Which yield some respite to the lab'ring
 swain*?

Perhaps rich autumn charms your fancy more,
 When want is banish'd from our country store:
 Love you the winter? does your wish require
 To chat at ease before a social fire?

* Ploughing, &c. being over, and harvest not begun.

Or in spring's beauty do you most rejoice?
 Speak, now, what season claims your fav'ring
 voice?

MYRSON.

We must not blame the works which heav'n
 design'd;

For each is useful in its diff'rent kind.
 Howe'er, I'll tell, my friend, at your request,
 Of all the seasons, which I judge the best.
 I love not summer: from its stifling heat*,
 We pant for shade, and languidly retreat.
 Autumnal months I cannot justly praise:
 The fruits they give us, give severe disease.
 Who of the bleak and wint'ry months can boast?

* 'Αλιος οπτει.] *The sun burns me.* This complaint belongs not to us, but to the southern poets.

— *O! qui me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
 Sistat, et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!* Virg.

I dread the snow ; I dread pernicious frost.
 O ! that fair spring alone would form the year,
 When neither snows nor shiv'ring frosts appear!
 In spring all nature blooms supremely gay,
 And length of night is equal'd by the day*.

* Νύξ ἀνθρωποισιν ἰσα, κ. λ.] *Night and day are equal.* Equinox, succeeding the gloomy and short days of winter, is doubtless extremely grateful ; but, in our latitude, to survey the works of Nature, as they are vulgarly called, on a fair, long summer's morning, as well as at and after sunset in the evening, is perfectly delightful to a considerate mind.

The questions and answers contained in this idyllium have such a natural simplicity, as, in my judgement, is well suited to pastoral writing.

FROM MOSCHUS.

IDYLLIUM I.

LOVE, THE DESERTER.

YE swains, cry'd Venus, if ye chance to see
 A rambling Cupid, he belongs to me.
 Who finds him, merits an ambrosial kiss ;
 Who back conducts—a more substantial bliss*.

These marks will show him : fi'ry are his eyes;
 And honey'd speech a treach'rous heart belies.
 Provok'd, he grows implacable ; the boy
 Has something cruel in his ev'ry joy.
 His little hands immensely far can throw,
 And pierce the monarch of the realms below.

* Πλεον ἰξέως.]

Huic aliud mercedis erit——— Virg.

His skin is naked, with a careless air ;
 But deep his schemes, and hid with anxious care.
 From sea to sea he flies, from land to land,
 And in the bosom takes his fav'rite stand.
 Though small the arrows, small the bow of Love,
 He oft severely wounds the pow'rs above.
 His tears are dang'rous; dang'rous are his smiles.
 Bind fast the cheat : his ev'ry act beguiles.
 The golden quiver fi'ry shafts contains,
 And I have felt them rankling in my veins :
 All, all are cruel ! Swains, be cautious ! shun
 His little torch ! its flame outburns the sun.
 Where'er the villain lurks, if haply found,
 To me produce him, but securely bound.
 His lips, though offer'd you in friendly guise,
 Reject ! in each a secret poison lies.
 Should he say, "take my arms," his base desire
 Escape ; for all are tipp'd with deadly fire.

MOSCHUS.

IDYLLIUM VI.

A BABBLING Echo Pan admir'd ; and she,
 A skipping Faun ; and beauteous Lyda he.
 As Pan his Echo, so the nymph desir'd
 Her Faun, who Lyda's stubborn heart requir'd.
 Thus each revenge in turn to each supply'd,
 Lov'd those who hated, and who loy'd deny'd.
 Ye gentle fair, not yet inclin'd to know
 What secret joy from ties connubial flow,
 Regard your swains alone who fondly burn ;
 Their grateful hearts will love for love return.

THE
NUPTIAL POEM
OF
CATULLUS.

YOUTHS.

MARK, youths, where *Hesper* shows his beautiful light,
And, long expected, gilds the dusky night!
Quit, then, your flowing bowls, nor idly stay;
The ready bride demands a nuptial lay.

Hymen! O Hymen! lend your patron ear!

Hymen! propitious to our feast appear!

MAIDS.

See, maids, the choir of youths! Their verse
oppose.

Now spacious heav'n with fires *Ætæan* glows:
See, how they spring impatient! Maids, arise,
And, from their joint exertions, bear the prize.

Hymen! O Hymen! &c.

YOUTHS.

No easy palm awaits, O friends, the verse,
When maids their parts with studious care rehearse;
Nor vain their study seems; each well-turn'd line,
Exactly polish'd, will be half divine.
Care gives a conquest: we shall lose the bays,
Whose ears and fancies rove through different ways.

Then, more attentive, let us bravely vie:
The maids begin, and we in turn reply.

Hymen! O Hymen! &c.

MAIDS.

Is there, like Hesperus, a star severe,
 Which from her home secludes a trembling
 fair—
 Which gives to ardent youth such heav'nly
 charms,
 Rent from a mother's soft encircling arms?
 What act more cruel can a town deform,
 Which foes have enter'd by a furious storm?
 Hymen! O Hymen! &c.

YOUTHS.

Is there, like Hesperus, a star benign,
 Which in firm compact joins, with rites di-
 vine?
 Our friends may previous meet, our sires
 agree;
 But all the dear conclusion leave to thee;

What can or youth receive, or heav'nly pow'r
 Bestow, superior to the joyful hour?

Hymen! O Hymen! &c.

MAIDS.

Hesper, O maids, now steals our gentle friend—
 Thy dread approach the sleepless watch attend;
 All thieves in darkness lurk, with treach'rous
 aim,
 Whom you detect, when call'd a diff'rent
 name*.

Hymen! O Hymen! &c.

YOUTHS.

Yes, fav'rite star! all love your nightly fire:
 But maids calumniate what their souls desire.
 Hymen! O Hymen! &c.

* In the morning called *Phosphorus*, or *Lucifer*.

MAIDS.

As in a garden springs a lovely flow'r,
 Which ploughs nor bruise, nor hungry flocks
 devour;
 Through its bright leaves while Zephyrs gently
 play,
 And Sol confirms them with his genial ray;
 Admir'd by all, it blooms supremely fair,
 Of youths the passion, and of maids the
 care.
 But should some hand, with more than im-
 pious force,
 The stalk nutritious from the flow'r divorce,
 It droops; it fades; its ev'ry charm retires:
 No nymph approves it, and no swain desires.
 So fares the beauty; while a sprightly maid,
 By nymphs she's honour'd, and by swains
 obey'd;

But if in wedlock snar'd through specious lore,
 The maids reject her, and no youths adore.

Hymen! O Hymen! &c.

YOUTHS.

As, in some field, neglected grows the vine,
 Nor boasts a purple flood of gen'rous wine;
 Unprun'd, confus'd, and grov'ling on the plain
 It lies, a cumbrous nuisance to the swain;
 But, when its boughs on vig'rous elm rely,
 The plant, now fruitful, pleases ev'ry eye.
 So the weak virgin, who untouch'd appears,
 May dully move from youth to wrinkling years;
 But if, in time, she yields to nuptial rites,
 Hersire and bridegroom feel unknown delights.
 You then, fair nymph, consent! The am'rous
 boy
 From pow'r parental hopes the secret joy.

Nor think a virgin sole commands her heart ;
 The father claims, the mother claims, a part :
 Those for the youth their sev'ral shares design;
 Then add to theirs, O beauteous maiden, thine.

Hymen! O Hymen! lend your patron ear!

Hymen! propitious to our feast appear!

A FAMILIAR IMITATION

OF

HORACE.

Lib. i, Epist. 4.

SINCE you, my friend, without a courtly sneer,
 Can sit on oak, and feast on country cheer,
 To supper come, and come in easy guise,
 Ere Phœbus sets, or noxious damps arise.

Light is my claret ; *** is strictly true ;
 Th' importer he, the vintage fifty-two.
 For meat, the brook can eels and trouts supply,
 My barn a chicken, and my doves a pie.
 Add that *Pomona*, o'er vicarial land,
 Her fruits diffuses with a bounteous hand.
 If more than such your better tithes afford,
 Dress when you please; and I'll attend the board;
 If not, your fav'rite *Chillingworth* resign,

For social converse, harmless mirth, and wine.
 Since this fair eve precedes th'auspicious morn,
 On which, thank heav'n, our George the good
 was born,

We'll sit, uncensur'd, chat the hours away,
 Till light appears, then grateful toast the day.
 Plagu'd with no doubts, unanxious for an heir,
 Free from lean av'rice, and the frown severe,
 Be mine to quaff, or stretch in careless ease;
 And fools may call me thoughtless, if they
 please.

What cannot wine perform? Its genial fire
 To am'rous youth restores the tott'ring sire;
 It arms the coward hand, revives the brave,
 Strikes off his fetters from the lab'ring slave;
 Nay, bids ev'n B***y fearless ope the door,
 And give (strange pow'r!) one farthing to the
 poor!

Though little cost adorns my friendly treat,
 At least the furniture is plainly neat:
 Each knife, well whetted, cuts exactly keen;
 In each bright dish your face is clearly seen;
 The cloth is fair as *Kitty's* wondrous breast:
 And all may satisfy an easy guest.
 Nor dread, my friend, to see a motley train
 Of clam'rous blockheads, or of pertly vain:
 I hate disputes, and hold this gen'ral rule,
 'Tis fretful labour to oppose a fool.
 No barrister, who, joy'd himself to hear,
 Refuses quarter to the wounded ear;
 Who — in the hall, unworthy of a part —
 To spoil good liquor, keeps his terms of art:
 No rev'rend doctor, with important face,
 Who palms stupidity for heav'nly grace;
 O'er whose broad head fat waves unwieldy flow,
 Impartial emblems of the brains below;

Who in polemics shows Herculean pow'r,
 When not oppos'd, and dulls the festive hour:
 None such expect: — I'll bid a sprightly few,
 Or leave the choice of company to you.
 These are my terms: if grateful these, attend,
 And quit a wife, one night, to please a friend.

FROM THE SAME AUTHOR.

Lib. i, Epist. 10.

HEALTH to my friend, if, midst of odious
 smells
 And putrid air, the goddess safely dwells.
 You love a city, I a country scene,
 The devious wood, the grot, the flow'ry plain.
 In this your taste seems oddly form'd to me;
 In all things else our twin-like souls agree.
 At town I sicken, pine, am scarce alive,
 But, fann'd by od'rous gales, again revive.
 I hate your feasts, and, like some priest, lament,
 Who spurns at turbot near the close of lent.
 Suppose that Nature's unerring voice
 Led you unbiass'd in your ev'ry choice,

Where would you build? what site would
justly please,

With freedom, health, content, and virtuous
ease?

Such joys (nor partial think them meanly small)
The fields must give, if man receives at all.
No dog-day scorches here: the sultry hour
Is pass'd unheeded in a friendly bow'r:

Nor frost disturbs us, of our health secure;
For, if intense, 'tis here intensely pure.

Think you, the ponded water, tasteless, dead,
Or creeping slow through half-chok'd pipes
of lead,

As ours, is pleasant, or as brightly shines,
Which gives you music, as itself refines?

Or glow the carpet-dies as richly gay
As Nature's vivid blooms in flow'ry May?

Plead as you will for grandeur, pomp, and art,

A taste for Nature lurks in ev'ry heart:
With joy your city inhale a country breeze;
Their Sunday-walks do justice to the trees.

Securer he, unconscious of deceit,
Who trusts attorneys with his whole estate,
Than he who, judging like the senseless throng,
Confounds the different paths of right and
wrong.

Methinks I see you, fool'd by court grimace,
Admire the candour of His faithless Grace;
So easy, so familiar, you and he,
Promotion follows in a large degree.

"*Indeed he smiles*"—Experience wisely trust—
He leers on all, but falsely on the just.
Frowns might his pains or malice clearly tell;
But smiles inform you, that—the man is well.
Know then, from such, (nor vainly more apply)
The mark of friendship is a barb'rous lie.

"*Well! but he promis'd*"—This your safety?

Pray,

Are you expert, at cards and dice to play?

What slut, what fav'rite pimp, your cause be-
friends?

What votes have you, to serve His Grace's ends?

"*Does then no worth support my fond desire?*"

It does, I grant; so, timely, friend, retire.

Worth! he regards it as a fright'ning elf,

And hates the obvious contrast to himself.

Your humble cot and frugal country store

Suffice for Nature: learn to ask no more.

Return, unruin'd yet; attend your land;

Drain, till, improve, and heav'nly peace
command;

Then sit, and laugh (for cause you'll quickly
find)

At all the dangling slaves you left behind.

For me, if e'er the chase of flatt'ring gold
You find me urge, though reason warns to
hold,

In turn correct, avert the deadly blow,
Plain as a friend, and sharply as a foe.

Here on a tomb, adorn'd in ancient style,
Where Gothic art once form'd a costly pile,
Where faithless stones now scarcely name the
dead,

And plaintive redbreasts warble o'er my head;
Where ivy'd oaks a friendly shade diffuse,
And all with sober thoughts inspire the Muse,
I sit and write, to anxious care unknown,
And nothing want but your return alone.

ΦΩΚΥΛΙΔΟΥ ΠΟΙΗΜΑ.

THE
 ADMONITORY POEM
 OF
 PHOCYLIDES.

SHUN furtive marriage; shun the base desire
 Of male embraces: ev'ry fraud refuse;
 Nor stain with human blood your impious
 hands.

Live on the fruits of care; enjoy your own,
 Nor sigh for riches purchas'd with injustice.
 Lies are mean arts: let every word be truth.
 Serve the Great Cause of all, admire, adore;
 And parents honour in the next degree.
 With Justice walk; nor from her sacred path

Should fear or favour turn your steps aside.
 Despise not poverty, nor judge severe
 Of form exterior: know, the Pow'r Divine
 Impartial views it, and will judge the judge.
 Abhor false witness: keep virginity*:
 Speak what is honest, and, in all, be faithful.
 Give weight abundant, nor impel the beam
 To sink fallacious as your hand requires.
 Shun perjury, design'd or undesign'd†;
 For heav'n observes, and hates the perjurd
 villain.

Steal not seed-corn; and pay the lab'ring hind
 His wages well-deserv'd; nor vex the poor.
 Guide the rude tongue: do injury to none;
 And stay the hand which means it to another.

* i. e. until marriage; for the poet thinks celibacy
 a preternatural state.

† As by swearing to do something, which after-
 ward is forgotten or neglected.

Bid not the starveling beggar come to-morrow:
 Relieve the indigent: receive the stranger
 With open arms, and lead the helpless blind.
 Pity the shipwreck'd: he who tempts the sea
 Deserves it well, as ev'ry hour in danger.
 Think that misfortunes are the lot of all:
 Life is a wheel, and happiness unstable.
 If thou art rich, thank heav'n which freely gave,
 And give as freely to thy wanting neighbour.
 Let all be harmony, and peace, and love.
 Use not the sword; but, if it must be drawn,
 In self-defence employ it. I could wish
 The wasting blade were never seen at all.
 You kill an enemy! but hath not he,
 Who kill'd an enemy, destroy'd a man,
 And thus embu'd his deadly hands in blood?
 Move not your neighbour's land-mark, nor his
 fruits

Malicious hurt, nor spoil his rising crop.
 Treat ev'ry stranger like a citizen;
 For most have felt the stings of poverty.
 Wealth is a fatal lure, and avarice
 The fruitful parent of unnumber'd vices.
 O gold! thou head of ills! thou cank'ring
 sore
 Of human life! how doth my soul repine
 That mortals love thee, precious, shining cheat!
 From thee what wars, what slaught'ring feuds,
 arise!
 Thou turn'st the course of Nature, bidd'st the
 son
 With impious enmity pursue the sire,
 And mak'st a brother rise against a brother!
 Speak honest truth, and scorn the subterfuge
 Of mental reservation; nor appear
 A polypus, and change in ev'ry site.

Base is the man who with premeditation
 Unjustly acts; but whom necessity
 Compels to frauds, is but a partial knave.
 In ev'ry deed, consider the design.
 Swell not with pride for wisdom, strength, or
 riches:

Mortals have none to boast: one Pow'r alone
 Is rich, omniscient, and omnipotent.

'Tis vain to grieve at evils which are past;
 For what is done can never be recall'd.
 Restrain your hand, and bridle furious anger;
 For, when indulg'd, it gives a loose to blows,
 And murder follows oft, though undesign'd.

Be kind and humble: luxury begets
 Immoderate desires; and opulence
 Is, in its nature, haughty and disdainful.
 The virtuous emulate, and not the bad.
 A steady purpose much assists the honest,

But makes the villain worse. Let vengery,
 Which brings disgrace, give way to love of
 virtue.

Eat, drink, and speak, do all in moderation.
 Excesses shun, and keep the golden mean.
 Free from dark envy live: superior pow'rs,
 Pleas'd with their stations, envy note each other.
 Look round the world; observe the pallid
 moon;

She envies not the sun's all-glorious orb:
 This earth, unenvious, humbly views the heav'n
 Stretch'd far above her: all, content, agree.
 Should discord actuate the pow'rs divine,
 This whole creation must at once be ruin'd.

Live temperate: avoid obscenity:
 Nor study deep revenge; for soft persuasion
 Bids strife to cease: but strife engenders strife.
 Trust not too soon; but ever mark the end.

Outdo the kind in kindness. 'Tis far better
To treat a stranger with immediate welcome,
Though frugal, than with formal, feign'd de-
lays.

Be not to poverty an usurer.

Let none attempt, who rob a nest of young,
To seize the parent bird, but give her liberty;
And other future broods shall pay the ransom.

'Tis not the office of a fool to judge:

Let wise teach wisdom, artists teach their arts.

He can't improve, who cannot learn to hear.

Flee the base sycophant; nor think to find
A friend in him who loves thy board alone,
And serves the time, insatiably rapacious.

Trust not the crowd: the crowd is ever various,
Like fire and torrents, not to be restrain'd.

Ev'n in devotion chuse the middle way.

Entomb the dead, nor impious tear the graves

Of those who rest in peace. The sun abhors
So foul a sight; and heav'nly vengeance fol-
lows.

Touch not their poor remains; for Hope de-
clares

That man shall rise from earth to light again,
Survive his earthly spoils, and live immortal.
Souls bloom corruptless, though the frames de-
cay,

Breath'd from the Godhead in the form of God.

Our bodies, shap'd of dust, to dust return*;

* Some heathen philosophers acknowledged the immortality of spirit, but considered the body as a prison or sepulchre which impeded the force and activity of the soul. Revelation has opened to us a different scene: the body must be raised, and again connected with spirit: for experience seems to prove, and Scripture is far from contradicting it, that neither our bodies nor spirits can possibly act *divisim*. Now, since ineffable goodness intends us for eternal happiness, not by totally altering and

But the free spirit soars aloft to heav'n.
 Where is the use of riches to a mortal
 Who cannot bear his hoarded heaps away?
 The stroke of death makes ev'ry station equal;
 But Heav'n disposes of the soul at pleasure.
 A king shall boast his regal pomp no more:
 The starveling beggar, ev'ry vulgar dead,
 Must join his side, and use one common
 mansion.

Born but to die, these bodies soon decay;
 Yet, in perpetual vig'rous youth, the soul
 Survives her prison, and for ever blooms.
 Nor fortune prosp'rous should exalt the mind,
 Nor adverse damp it. Serve necessity:

new modeling human nature, but by rendering the *corruptible* part of us *incorruptible*, we may perceive, if the expression be allowable, the necessity of a resurrection. St. Paul does not put the question, *wherefore*, but in *what manner*, or *how*, is the body to be revived at the general day of judgement?

'Tis vain to blow thy breath against a storm.
 Bless'd is the man whom pow'rful words attend;
 For reason conquers more than conqu'ring
 steel.

The plastic Cause has furnish'd all with arms:
 Birds have their wings, the lion nerves robust;
 The steer presents his horns; the little bee
 Hides a sharp sting; but man above them all
 Exults in reason, as his strong defence.
 Strength must submit to wisdom; wisdom tills
 The fruitful country, builds the stately towns,
 And guides a vessel through the boist'rous sea.

Hide not delinquents from their due desert;
 For oft the stroke of vengeance hits the jus
 When 'midst the wicked, nor with-holds the
 blow.

Shun what is stol'n; for who the theft receives
 Maintains the fraud, and is himself a thief.

Give each his own: of future want beware.
 Your cattle fodder with a bounteous hand;
 And, if a beast should in the road be fall'n,
 Upraise it, though an enemy's possession.
 Assist the wand'rer: sure 'tis worthy praise,
 Instead of enmity, to gain a friend.
 Prevent a growing evil: heal a wound.
 Eat not what beasts have torn; but let the dogs
 Receive such offals: beasts should beasts de-
 vour.

Abstain from pois'nous arts and sorcery.
 Treat the soft infant with a gentle hand.
 Sedition hate. The man may sow the ocean,
 Who hopes return of kindness from the wicked.
 Your hands should minister to ev'ry want, as
 sloth

Is ever prone to theft; nor basely wait
 To catch the fragments of another's table.

You dine reproachless when the board's your
 own.

Bred to no useful art, employ the spade.
 This world affords variety of scenes
 Which give a choice for labour. View the sea;
 How spacious is it, if you love to sail!
 For tillage, see how widely spread the fields!
 Man should from labour hope his ev'ry meal;
 For ev'n the pow'rs celestial have employs;
 And Toil is Virtue's immemorial friend.

Learn from the ant: she leaves her humble
 cell,

When now the fields, new-shorn, have stor'd
 the barns,

And wide expatiates in laborious search
 Of little grains. Pleas'd with her cumb'rous
 load,

She urges and encourages the next.

Small, but industrious people! all, intent,
 Autumnal fruits provide for wint'ry store.
 Or mark the bee: her fragrant combs she builds
 Deep in a cavern, or some ancient oak.

Live not unmarried; Nature's self commands

That thou should'st form a rising progeny,
 And give that life which she hath giv'n to thee.
 'Tis base to prostitute a wife; you blot
 Indelibly your legal sons, and find
 The spurious issue dissolute and base*.

* The original runs thus: *Do not prostitute a wife, &c.*

Οὐ γὰρ τίκτει παῖδας ὁμοίους μοιχικῶν λίκτρων.

I suppose that ὁμοίους relates to their characters, not their persons. It has long been observed, that bastards make an idle, debauched, and useless set of men; which happens, I believe, partly from the vile example before their eyes, and partly from their education, which is, in general, much neglected.

Touch not thy father's second joys; but know
 That she, who fills the place thy mother held,
 Should, like a mother, be rever'd and honour'd.
 Shun am'rous commerce with thy sister; shun
 Thy father's harlot: let their beds be sacred.
 How black the deed, to slay with impious art
 A harmless fetus, or to throw the child,
 New-born, a prey to rav'ning dogs and vultures!

Base is the wretch, who lifts his shameless hand,

And to a pregnant consort deals a blow.
 Despoil not manhood: Nature meant the boy
 To multiply. Shun foul bestiality:
 Nor contumelious gibe the virtuous bride.
 Attend to Nature in your ev'ry act.
 Male brutes indignant flee a male embrace;
 Nor should the female imitate the male.

Permit not love to rule with boundless sway :
 Love is no god ; 'tis but a secret passion.
 Tempt not a brother's wife to be disloyal :
 Let each with conjugal affection treat
 His gentle spouse. What charms the fancy
 more
 Than some fond pair, who pass their smiling
 hours
 In perfect unison, from youth to age ?
 Chuse wives with caution : studious flee the
 vile ;
 Nor yield to woman, like a slave to gold,
 That ruling pow'r which Nature gave the
 man.
 Strange, that we search with care for gen'rous
 steeds,
 With care chuse dogs, and buy the lab'ring ox,
 And yet are heedless in our choice of women !

Though base the man, if rich, he'll gain the fair.
 Be not too fond of frequent marriages :
 Wedlock, repeated oft, adds ill to ill.
 Parents, be tender ; if your son transgresses,
 Let the fond mother's gentle hand correct him,
 Some friend dispassionate, or graver sage.
 Trick not with female arts the rip'ning boy ;
 Plait not his hair, nor wave the flowing curl ;
 But leave such foppish ornaments to girls.
 A blooming youth requires your strict atten-
 tion ;
 The world is vicious : close immur'd the girl
 Should live, nor, ere her spousals, loosely ram-
 ble.
 Of beauteous children arduous is the care.
 Be kind and constant where the ties of blood
 Require affection : if you meet a sire,
 Whose hoary locks remind you of your father,

Revere, give place, and like a father treat
him*.

Let servants have a plenteous board, and slaves
No scant allowance; nor impress them o'er
With hateful marks of servitude †; nor bear

* No people in Greece were so remarkable for observing this rule as the Lacedemonians. I have somewhere read a narrative, to the following purpose:—An old man, intending to see the public games, happened to go first to the Athenian seats; here several young men rose, as if to accommodate him; but, on his approach, they quickly took their places: the old man, thus disappointed and derided, went onward to the Lacedemonian quarter, where all stood up, and so continued, until he was fixed to his satisfaction. *Alas!* said he, *the Athenians know what they ought to do, but the Lacedemonians do it.*

† We are supposed to brand felons; yet the brand is, in reality, cold. We brand black cattle on the horns, which gives no uneasiness to the beast: we do not brand horses, because it would spoil their coats: but our fellow-subjects, in the West Indies, burn deep characters on their defenceless and innocent fellow-creatures!

Such tales as hurt them in their master's face
your.

The mind, when pure, corrects our earthl
These are the mysteries of justice; these

Will lead you safely to the verge of life.

E N D.





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